C-221-5-L

Northern Messenger

Wm Bronscombe 30507

VOLUME XLI. No. 44 MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 2, 1906. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

Be Sure to Look in the Right Direction.

A party of tourists were climbing a high peak, when one of them begged for a halt, complaining that he was dizzy. The guide had been watching him closely for some time, and knew where the trouble lay.

'It ain't the climbing that makes you

dizzy, sir,' he said gruffly, 'It's looking down,' and he led on towards the top.

So, when we are troubled over something, and feel we are overcrowded or overtired, we are not to call for a halt and a resting spell. If we look into the matter more closely, we shall find that half our difficulties are our own fault—we look down too much.

If we are climbing the hill Difficulty, looking down will only hinder us, and make the way harder. Better look ahead, and upward toward the top. The shortening way will seem easier at every step, and when we do get to the end, it will be with full courage and not panting and faltering and dizzy.

'When the outlook is not good, try the uplook,' some one says aptly. It would be better to try the uplook all the time, and not wait for the outlook to fail. For if the habit is fixed in fair weather, it will not come so hard, or fail us so quickly in foul. The uplook is the best look for all weathers and all times. Let us make it the direction in which we set our eyes of mind and spirit every day, and let us take for our motto—'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.'—'Friendly Greetings.'

Taking Part in Politics.

'Take no part in politics at all.' I have heard a great many persons say. The great majority of my co-religionists said it when I was a boy; I do not think they say it now. But there are a great many people who do say it. Some excellent Christians said so to me last week, and I found they were so strongly urging me to take no part in politics because they imagined that I did not agree with their political opinions, which is not a sufficient reason, in all cases, for abstentation. I very much astonished them by saying that I had never taken part in party politics, and that I had never appeared upon a party political platform.

But the difficulty of such excellent persons is that they have never yet distinguished between politics and party politics. I, for my part, hold very strongly that, as a rule, Christian ministers would do well to abstain from taking an active part in party politics; but I am bound to say that, if politicians choose to discuss questions that have moral issues, I am not going to be gagged and muzzled. For I have a prior claim to be heard on everything that affects righteousness and character and morality.—Hugh Price Hughes.

When a Man is Whole.

(By Daisy May Twort.)

The tide was coming in; one after another the long waves broke on the yellow sands of Bayleal; one after another they crept nearer and nearer to the high breakwater. Soon they would be splashing and dashing on the rocks on which Karl Godfrey stood.

Karl was a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired boy with an air of stability about him which comes with the shouldering of heavy responsibilities. What chums and playfellows are to other boys, the great mysterious ocean was to Karl Godfrey. In days of stress and storm, when life's burdens seemed too many for his young shoulders to bear, the unrest of the sea met his own mood and satisfied it; in days of sunshine the same friend sang to him sweet songs of hope and promise.

This particular morning was to Karl a time of great perplexity, and as he stood looking at the incoming breakers, he cried:

'It ain't no use, I have got to do it. Dad would do it for me quicker than lightning, and I must do it for him. It's no use sniveling about it, either. I shan't ask mum, for she might say no.

'It ain't as if I was begging. No, I ain't begging,' he said vehemently, as he fixed his gaze on a sea gull which was winging its flight over the water. 'He used to go to school with Dad; maybe he'll be glad to know about us all.'

'Maybe, maybe, maybe,' the ocean murmured.

'When you have a bad job on hand you'd better be about it, too,' and jumping down from the rock, Karl turned away from the fascination of the sea. At first, he walked very slowly that he might hear the splash, splash of the waves on the rocks as long as possible; but when he could no longer catch the faintest whisper of the sea, he quickened his steps.

It was Sunday morning, and the church bells were ringing, but Karl had no thought of church-going that morning. His steps were turned toward the hill where Bayleal's multi-millionaire lived.

Karl had seen the wonderful mansion many times, but its magnificence was always new to him, and this morning it seemed almost overpowering. It was a large white stone house hidden from the street by tall trees. Here Joshua Keene spent

the hours of his lonely leisure. Women flattered him; men did homage to his millions and to his business sagacity; but no one loved him. He was a lonely man.

As Karl made his way up to the door which to him seemed most easy of access, stories of the fair young mistress who had died of a broken heart came to him.

'I ruther think they must be fairy tales,' he thought.

How could anyone die of a broken heart in a home like this, where no one need go hungry to bed because there was only bread enough to meet the wants of the younger children?

'I bet mum wouldn't die of a broken heart if she got into a place like this one,' Karl said to himself, as he gave the door bell an urgent pull. Somehow, as he stood waiting at the entrance of the beautiful dwelling, he seemed amazingly small and insignificant. His mother called him her little 'hero,' her 'comfort,' and 'pride,' but where was his courage now?

An almost overwhelming desire seized him to run away before anyone came to answer his summons. In order to regain his composure, he drew from his pocket a slip of paper on which was written the name of one of the world's most famous surgeons. He was regarding it intently when the door opened silently, and a tall, grim-looking woman stood waiting to hear his errand.

Karl summoned all his courage, and, speaking in a tone which he thought must be very gruff and business-like, but which was in reality a mere squeak, he said:

'Is Mr. Joshua Keene at home?'

The woman eyed him critically as if to discover the nature of his errand with her master, then said crisply,

'No; he is not in.'

'When will he be here? It's just awful important that I should see him.'

'I don't know,' came the sharp reply.

Karl's lips trembled. 'Ain't you some idea?' he persisted.

'None,' and the disappointed boy found himself staring blankly at the closed door. In spite of his eleven years and his courageous heart, great tears filled his eyes as he walked slowly down the broad stone steps. He had not dreamed of this ending to his plans.

Once more, he turned his wistful gaze toward the house, and wonder of wonders! there, at the large window which opened on to the balcony, he beheld the face of the man whom he sought.

Karl gave a low whistle of astonishment. 'She lied to me; she did!' he exclaimed, indignantly. Then came a more charitable thought. 'Maybe she didn't know.'

Something, however, told his unsophisticated soul that it would be quite useless to attempt to obtain an entrance by the door.

Karl was a lad of resources.

His quick eye had noticed that not far from the window where he had seen the master of the house, grew a tall tree which a supple, clear-headed boy like Karl could easily climb, and thence swing himself to the small balcony outside of the window of the room where he so desired to be. In the boy's mind, the end fully justified the means, so glancing around to be sure that no disapproving eye was upon him, he began the ascent of the tall tree.

It was more difficult than he had anticipated, but he was used to obstacles, and kept steadily on, slowly ascending the tree. At last, when he had reached the height of the window, he crept cautiously out on the most convenient limb, and swung himself over to a place of safety just outside the window of Joshua Keene's study. Curiously, Karl peered in. There, in a chair by his desk, in a weary attitude of despondency, sat Bayleal's millionaire.

Impatiently, he raised his head to discover the cause of Karl's gentle tap, tap upon the window glass. Then, at the sight of a boy just outside the window of his private chamber, he sprang to his feet in angry astonishment. Crossing the room he threw up the window and cried:

'What are you doing here?'

'She, she, she lied to me; she did,' Karl stammered, quite forgetting his own carefully prepared speech in the excitement of the moment.

'Who lied to you, and what do I care if she did? Take your grievances where they belong,' thundered Joshua Keene.

'Your servant said you wasn't at home. I saw you at the window and I wanted to talk with you, so I just shinned up that tall tree; and here I am,' Karl explained boldly.

The great financier stared at the boy for a moment. Perhaps memories of the daring days of his own boyhood swept over him, for his face softened while just the faintest shadow of a smile passed over it, as he said:

'You come by it naturally; your father was the crack athlete of the class. Come in, boy, and tell me what you wish.'

Karl needed no second invitation, but hopped nimbly into the room and stood at the great man's side.

Joshua Keene had resumed his seat, and was looking fixedly at his young visitor; the steel gray eyes seemed to pierce Karl through and through. How could he plead his cause with that stern gaze upon him? There was a moment of deep silence, then Karl began bravely.

'I am Karl Godfrey. Dad used to work on the "Good Tidings." They said he was the best reporter that they had; and everybody thought that when John Daws died dad would get his place on the paper.'

'Pretty slow work, waiting to step into dead men's shoes,' Joshua Keene said grimly. Karl's face flushed, but he went steadily on with his story.

'Last fall dad got hurt; there was a little girl on the railroad track right in front of the train; dad pulled her off. His back has been bad ever since, and they cut one of his arms off. Mum and me can get enough for us to eat, and something for all of us to wear, but that's about all. There is a new doctor in Standish that folks say could make dad better; but it would cost an awful lot to get him to come over and see dad. I thought as long as you used to go to school with dad, that—that—'

Here Karl paused, confused by the sneering look which had come into the face of the great financier.

'I see,' he said, with a laugh which was not good to hear.

'You thought as long as I had the great happiness of being in the same class that your father was, I should be glad to pay his doctor's bills.'

'No; I did not think that at all.' Karl was almost choking with anger and disappointment.

'I ain't begging. We would pay back every cent of it, mum and me would, even if dad couldn't help. Dad wouldn't have let me come to you, if he had known it; but his back hurts just awful. He ain't no coward; he lies still day after day and never says one word about the pain only once in a while when he just can't stand it any longer; then he says "Oh!" real quiet like, so he thinks we wont hear. Dad is awful brave. When a man's whole like you are, sir, he don't know how it feels to have just one arm, and your back all crooked so you can't walk at all.'

While the boy was speaking a change passed over Joshua Keene's face; in place of the hard expression came a look of sorrow and remorse.

'How much do you want?' he asked in a tone so unlike any that he had used before that Karl stared at him in wonderment.

'They said it would take an awful lot; maybe—seventy dollars.'

As Karl named what seemed to him such an exorbitant sum, the man of the world smiled, and drawing a check book toward him wrote rapidly for a moment, then passed to the astonished boy a cheque for three hundred dollars.

'Give that to your father, for me,' he said, 'with the best wishes of the old academy pitcher, and tell him that when a man has lived a straight life, when he has wronged no man, when there are no accusing ghosts of a bitter past to mock him, when he has kept his account right with his Maker, when a man's soul is whole, boy, he can afford to have a crooked back.'

So intense was the bitterness in the man's voice that it touched Karl's sympathetic heart. Boy though he was, he realized something of the remorse and agony that were stirring the soul of the man before him. Moving a little closer to the wonderful whirling chair, Karl laid his hand gently on Joshua Keene's arm, and said:

'But there's no call for you to feel so bad, sir; there's Him, you know, and he pointed timidly to a large picture which hung above the fireplace. It was 'Christ and the Rich Young Ruler.'

Many, many months had it kept its place there, ever since one glad day in that blissful honeymoon when Joshua Keene's fair young bride had placed it there; to be, she said, a 'Guardian Angel' for the man she loved. Because with all that was best in his nature, the great financier had loved his beautiful wife, he had allowed the picture to hang there, as a silent reproach to him through all the long, long weary years which had passed since she went away to that land where sorrow is not known.

Now, he turned to look at it, while memories sweet and bitter flooded his soul. Presently he spoke to Karl again:

'It's no good, boy. Humphreys may be able to patch up your father's back, but there is no patching up a man's soul.'

'Dad could tell you all about Him. Couldn't you come home with me? He would be awful glad to see you; mother would be glad, too. You know you went to school with dad.'

At length the boy's pleadings prevailed, and before long the multi-millionaire and Karl Godfrey were walking down the broad stone steps side by side. As they passed out through the gate, Karl turned to see at a window the astonished face of the woman who had refused him entrance. He gave her a patronizing nod, accompanied with a smile. He could afford to forgive her, even if she had lied to him, since the success of his efforts had so far exceeded his expectations.

A few months later, Joshua Keene joined the Congregational Church on Shifton Street, which, considering his wealth and position, was exactly the church which he should have joined.

There were many who wondered why from that time there flocked to the membership of the church, by tens and by twenties, those who had been worsted in the battle of life, whose souls had been scorched in the fiery furnace of temptation, whose eyes had been blinded by the false light of sin, whose ears had become deaf to the call of salvation. There were those, however, who realized that to Joshua Keene had come an almost divine conception of the pitifulness of sin; and that as the leaven of old leavened the whole lump, so the consecration of one heart had touched the hearts of the multitude.

The church on Shifton street soon lost its prestige; it was no longer pointed out to the new resident and to the chance visitor as the home of wealth and culture. It was spoken lightly of by many as the 'Hospital Church,' but little cared its members, for with their hearts filled with the love of God, and on their lips the story of Him who forgiveth all our iniquities; who healeth all our diseases, they went forth to seek those whose souls were sick with sin, and through the wards of the 'hospital church' there walked the Great Physician.—'Morning Star.'

The readers of the NORTHERN MESSENGER will confer a great favor on the publishers by always mentioning the NORTHERN MESSENGER when replying to any advertiser who uses its columns—and the advertiser will also appreciate it.

REMEMBER!

The 'Canadian Pictorial' is practically an Art publication at newspaper price.

The ink alone in the 'Canadian Pictorial' costs many times as much as does the 'Messenger' ink. So with the paper—and the printing processes are all the most expensive.

You can get the 'Canadian Pictorial' with the 'Messenger' for 75 cents, though this offer may not last very long—and only one subscription at this 35 cent rate may be obtained with each 'Messenger' subscription.

If you are getting your 'Messenger' through a club, you can have the 'Canadian Pictorial' by using the 50 cent coupon in this number.

The Dollar rate for the 'Canadian Pictorial' includes postage all over the world.

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Pumpkin Auction.

(Hattie Vose Hall, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World.')

We had scarlet fever in Centerville just after school opened in the fall, and they had to shut right up again for four weeks. Mamma didn't know what to do. She didn't know how she could get through with the fall cleaning with so many of us around all day long, and so Papa said:

'Why don't you send the children up to Father's? There's plenty of room for five boys on a farm.'

We boys just shouted. It's great fun up to Grandpa Archer's. We help milk, and feed the pigs, and row on the pond, and go in swimming, and blackberrying, and hunt eggs for Huldah, and go nutting, and lots more things. Mamma said,

'I can't let the baby go, but if Grandpa and Huldah would like the other children for a visit, they can go.'

So we went, for we knew Grandpa would want us. He likes us ever so much, 'specially me, for I'm named for him. Mamma told us we must get all our things into two trunks, and it was a tight squeeze, for of course we had to take our bats and balls and games, and there had to be so much room taken up with collars and neckties and stockings, and things like that.

It's only thirty miles to Hillsboro', and it didn't take long on the cars, and Granda's man Billy met us, with old Tom and the surrey. Huldah and Grandpa were both glad to see us. Huldah says it makes things lively to have a lot of boys around the house.

It was too late to ride home on the loads of hay, so we didn't do that, but there was lots to do. Grandpa let us put up a circling-bar in the barn chamber, and we fellows practiced a lot rainy days. Stevie does real well for a little fellow. One day he and I were playing the bar with a flying trapeze, and Stevie was sitting on it, and I was hanging by my knees, and I slipped somehow, and knocked Stevie right out onto the floor, and made a great bump on his forehead, just like a big purple plum. But he didn't cry. Papa says he thinks his children must be extra thick-headed, or they'd have been banged to pieces long ago.

'Well, one day Hal had a letter from Mamma, and she said the Andersons had got burned out. It couldn't have been much of a fire, it was the tiniest bit of a house, but it was all the one they had, and it wasn't insured. And Mr. Anderson was at the Banks fishing, and Mrs. Anderson had been doing washings to earn money, and the children did errands for people after school. And now their little house was burned up.

'I shouldn't think God would have let it happen,' I said, 'Mrs. Anderson's a real good lady.'

'That doesn't make any difference,' 'Gene said, 'So was Job, and the Lord let lots of things happen to him, and I thinks boils are as bad as fires, for I had one on my neck once.'

But Grandpa said we mustn't blame the Lord because some one left the matches where the Anderson baby could get them—that's the way it got set. And I think Grandpa's right, too. I felt like blaming the Lord once, when I stepped on a wasp's nest up in the swamp. Can't they just sting, though? They bit my leg in five places, great white bites. But Papa said the Lord had given me eyes, and if I didn't use them, I had only myself to blame. But you see, I wasn't looking down, I was after cat-tails, and they were high up, so I didn't see the nest. Anyway, if it was all my fault, I got punished, and I'll never step into a yellow jacket's nest again.

Well, so Hal said, 'Let's take up a collection for the Andersons, and put it in an envelope, and just call it, "Aid for the fire sufferers," and send it to Mary and Grace by mail.'

So Hal put in ten cents—we'd just had our week's allowance from home—and 'Gene put in seven, and Stevie three. (He doesn't have but five cents a week.) I didn't have a single cent left, and I was ashamed. I'd spent it all up at Miss Abigail's little shop. She's a lame lady, and she has fine tops, and I'd bought one, and some court-plaster for the cut on my thumb, and some other things. And 'Gene said: 'That's only twenty cents. We can't send that little bit of money.'

'Let's earn some,' said I. 'There must be some way.'

'I don't like to ask Grandpa for money for any little thing we do for him,' said Hal.

Neither did any of us. But he came up into the barn chamber for some nails he keeps up there, and he saw we were interested in something, and he said, 'What's up, boys?' and so we told him.

'The summer people had a fair in the town hall last week,' he said. 'Why don't you have one?'

'Why, Grandpa,' I said, 'we can't knit and embroider!'

'I did a lamp-mat on a spool and pins, once,' said Hal.

'I can make a cat's cradle and take it off the first time,' said Stevie.

He thought a cat's cradle was fancywork, 'cause you do it with string.

'I did "God Bless Our Home," in cross-stitch, when I was getting well of the mumps,' I said, 'but I wouldn't want to do it again; it took weeks, and we want to help the Andersons right away.

'Well,' said Grandpa, 'you can have a sale here in the front yard, and I'll put the big tent up for you to have it in, if you can find anything on the farm or garden to sell, except the stock. You'd better look the garden over, and see if you can't think up a plan by noon. I'll give a dollar for the fire relief fund to the boy with the best plan, and I'll ask you at dinner.'

Well, we all scattered at that, and I happened to think of my pumpkins. Grandpa told me when I first came that I could have as many pumpkins as I wanted, to take home so Bridget could make pies—we're all very fond of pumpkin pie—and so I cut my initials on the six biggest ones. There they were, all yellow and ripe, and 'R. L. A.' in white letters. They looked fine. And there were ever so many besides; more than Grandpa and Billy and Huldah could eat in a year. So I had an idea. When we got to the dinner-table I could hardly wait for Grandpa to say grace before I told it, but he said:

'Wait, Rob, I'm going to begin at the other end. Have you any plan, Stevie?'

'Yes, sir,' said Stevie. 'I'm going to pick lots of those pretty colored beans, and string 'em for necklaces. I'll buy one myself if other people don't want it. They're fine to dress up in when we play Indian.'

'What is your plan, Hal?'

'I thought perhaps Huldah would let me make bouquets, and sell them. There are asters and sweet peas and salvia left.'

Hal can do the prettiest things with flowers. Then Grandpa asked 'Gene, and he said he'd make some bows and arrows, and then I told my idea, and Grandpa said it was the best, and gave me the dollar for the fund. Grandpa said Hal could make his bouquets, and 'Gene his bows and arrows, and Stevie his necklaces, and have little booths to sell them in, bu I could have the big tent for my idea, and I could name the sale. So I named it a Pumpkin Auction, and we had it Thursday afternoon. 'Gene made some posters, and we nailed 'em to the trees on the village common, and we had a crowd, mostly summer people, for lots of them stay late in Hillsboro'. The posters said:

PUMPKIN AUCTION!
THURSDAY P. M. AT HILLVIEW FARM.
COME EVERYBODY FOR SWEET CHARITY'S SAKE.

'Gene got that quotation out of a book. So everybody came. I had twenty-seven pumpkins to auction off. Pumpkins were so plenty that fall I didn't know as I could sell them all, but I did. Lots of children wanted them for Jack-a-lanterns, and it was fun to be auctioneer, too. They'd begin with a cent, and go up to twenty or thirty, and one man gave me a dollar for one. He didn't bid on it, he just picked it out, and gave me the money. I thought it was too much, and I told him so, but he only laughed, and said, 'Oh, I value the engraving!' It was one with my initials on. 'And then it's "for sweet charity's sake," you know,' he said. So I was glad 'Gene put that on the posters.

Hal sold fifty bouquets—all he had—for ten cents apiece, and Stevie sold eight strings of beans, and Gene sold all his things. So we got ever so much money, and Grandpa gave us a check for it, and we sent it to Papa to give Mrs. Anderson. And what do you think she did when he took it to her? Why, she cried! Wasn't that funny? I guess I wouldn't cry if any one brought me all that money. But Mamma said it was only because she was so pleased.

We went home the next week, because school began again. But we hated to go, we had had such a jolly time at Grandpa's and the Pumpkin Auction was the best fun of all.

BOY'S WATCH FREE.

We give this fine Watch free to any boy who sells 24 copies of the new monthly, the **'CANADIAN PICTORIAL'**—ten cents a copy (with a ten cent coupon in each.)

The Watch has a beautiful silvered nickel case, highly polished, an enamelled dial bevelled crystal, hour, minute and second hands, reliable American movement. Will last with care for years.

The **'CANADIAN PICTORIAL'** is sure to sell like wildfire. Will delight everyone. Costs about $1,000 per issue and contains 1,000 square inches of Pictures. Pictures of current events, Canadian scenery, things beautiful and curious, snap shots, fashions, patterns, etc. Send postcard—we send papers postpaid, you remit the $2.40, we send watch by return. First number a great success. Next ones will be better. Order at once. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

A Song in the Night.

(Marion Brier, in the 'American Messenger.')

There was always so much to be done in the little brown house. From morning to night it was hurry, hurry, hurry, and even then it seemed as if the work was never done. Six days in the week Ma O'Brien bent over the wash-tub or the ironing-board from early morning until night, while the smell of steaming soapsuds and the fierce heat from the cook-stove filled the little room where the children played noisily. Six days in the week, Katie, the oldest of the little flock, flew about from early morning until night, always trying her best to catch up with the piled-up work that was waiting to be done, and never quite being able to do it. There were the meals to get, and the dishes to wash, baking to do, and such an amount of sweeping and scrubbing and dusting, for Katie did like to see everything bright and clean, but the children scattered things about almost faster than she could pick them up. Then each of the children must have clean faces and hands and neatly brushed hair. In her zeal to accomplish this last undertaking, Johnnie and Jimmie, the twins, declared that she was likely to brush out all their hair and wash their hands and faces all away. Then there were quarrels and disputes to be settled, tears to be wiped away, and Johnnie and Jimmie must be gotten out of mischief a hundred times a day; Mary must be persuaded to wipe the dishes, and to have her hair curled; frail little Patsy must be comforted when the pain in his back was bad; the baby's bumps must be kissed well again, and there were dozens of other things

that must be done. There never seemed to be a moment when the willing hands and feet could rest.

One morning there was even more than usual to do. Katie coaxed Johnnie and Jimmie and Mary to wash the dishes, and she sent little Patsy across the street to Mrs. O'Neal's for a bit of milk to put in the cake she was stirring up. Looking out of the window a moment later, she saw a runaway horse dash around the corner. One glance told her that Patsy was in the middle of the road. She flew out of the door into the street and dragged the wee boy out of the road from under the horse's feet, then slipped and fell, and that was the last that she knew.

And after that there came days when she was conscious of nothing but pain. Then one morning she awoke, fully conscious, and looked about the familiar room. There was the steaming washtub, with her mother bending over it; the unwashed dishes were on the table; broken toys were scattered over the floor; the windows were sticky with the marks of little fingers; Patsy was crying with a cut finger; Johnnie and Jimmie were quarrelling over a broken knife; Mary, her tangled hair almost hiding her face, was helping herself out of the sugar-bowl; the baby was screaming lustily. Ma O'Brien's face above the washtub was flushed and tired looking. She scolded sharply, but the uproar did not grow any less.

It flashed over Katie's mind that she ought not to be lying there, when there was so much work to be done, and she started to spring up, but fell back with a sharp cry of pain that brought Ma O'Brien quickly to her side. Very tenderly the large red hands soothed her until the pain grew a little easier. 'Sure, and it's the doctor that do be saying ye mustn't try to move, and it's minding him ye must be, darlint,' Ma O'Brien said, tenderly stroking the dark glossy hair.

Katie's blue eyes opened wide. 'Mustn't try to move! Why, who'll be doing the work?' she inquired incredulously.

'Now, don't you be worrying about the work, darlint. You just keep still like the doctor do be telling you to, and the work can just take care of itself, so it can.'

Katie stared, for Ma O'Brien's eyes were full of tears. What could it all mean? 'But the dishes aren't washed, and the windows are that dirty, and the children's faces! I must be getting to work. Can't I get up pretty soon, Ma?' she demanded.

Then Ma O'Brien dropped down in a chair and rocked herself back and forth, her face buried in her apron, sobbing aloud. 'The doctor do be saying that you'll never be getting up any more, at all, at all,' she wailed.

The room seemed to whirl around before Katie's startled blue eyes. 'But the work, Ma,' she said in a dazed kind of way. 'I must be doing the work, you know.'

After that she lay there still for a long time. Ma O'Brien went back to the washtub, and there were three washings to be done that day, and hardly a minute could be spared to wipe away the tears that rolled down her cheeks.

Katie lay there and looked at the disorder, and listened to the noisy children, and saw the tired look on her mother's face, and each moment it seemed more and more impossible to lie still there.

Other days came, and each one found the dirt and the disorder worse, for Ma O'Brien must stay at the washtub, and could only take time to get the children something to eat. Johnnie and Jimmie seemed to grow more mischievous each day, and Patsy and the baby more peevish and fretful. Mary's hair grew more tangled, and she hated to wash the dishes more than ever. Ma O'Brien's face grew more tired each day, and her voice more sharp and fretful. Night after night Katie lay with wide-open eyes, and thought and thought about it all, and wished so much that she could help as she used to.

One day everything seemed to go unusually wrong in the little brown house. Johnnie and Jimmie quarrelled. Patsy and the baby cried and fretted, Mary was cross and would not do the dishes, Ma O'Brien was tired and nervous, and scolded first one child and then another, but it did no good. By and by Patsy came over to Katie, and sitting down beside her in his little rocker, said, 'Sing, Katie.'

In the old days Katie had always sung joyously about her work, but now the very thought of singing made a lump come in her throat. 'Please sing, Katie,' Patsy coaxed. So to please him, she swallowed the lump in her throat as well as she could, and began to sing. It was not so hard after she had commenced, and she sang on softly.

Presently she looked up, conscious of an unusual quiet, and was surprised to find that peace reigned in the little room. The children were quiet and Ma O'Brien was rubbing away vigorously with the tired, worried look almost gone from her face.

'Sure, and it's the swate voice ye have, Katie, darlint' she said, smiling across into the pale face. 'I was that tired and nervous I thought I should drop, but sure, it's rested entoirely I am now.'

Johnnie and Jimmie had joined Patsy by this time. 'Sing some more, Katie,' they coaxed. 'We likes to hear you.'

Katie smiled into the pleading faces. 'All right,' she said cheerily. 'Only do you know I can't seem to sing so very well when everything is so dirty. Just you boys help Mary wash the dishes and clean up the room, and I'll sing a song for you to work by.'

'All right,' the twins agreed, and straightway there began a great cleaning and straightening up of that room to the cheerful accompaniment of Katie's clear voice, that sang on and on, song after song.

'Sure, and it's not a bit tired I am the night,' Ma O'Brien said after the washing was all done. 'And it's perfect angels the children have been, and the house looks that nice and tidied up. Sure, and it's your own swate singing that heartens one up and makes the work seem that easy,' she said, tenderly stroking the dark hair.

Katie lay for a long time that night smiling into the darkness, while over and over she whispered a little prayer, 'Oh, God, I thank you that I can help a little.'

After that, for hours at a time, day after day, the sweet, clear voice sang on, and somehow everything seemed to go smoothly in the little brown house as long as the songs continued. When Ma O'Brien's face began to look tired, Katie sang; when Johnnie and Jimmie grew mischievous or quarrelsome, Katie sang; when Mary was cross, Katie sang; when Patsy and the baby were fretful, Katie sang; when there was more work than usual to be done, Katie sang louder and clearer than ever, and somehow the tiredness and the crossness seemed to melt away, and work did not seem such a hard thing to do.

And each night Katie whispered that little prayer, 'Oh, God, I thank you that I can help a little,' and each day there was more of joy in her sweet voice, and more of peace in the look upon her sweet face.

The Dangerous Door.

'Oh, Cousin Will, do tell us a story; there's just time before the school-bell rings' and Harry, Kate, Bob, and little Peace crowded about their older cousin until he declared himself ready to do anything they wished.

'Very well,' said Cousin Will, 'I will tell you about some dangerous doors I have seen.'

'Oh, that's good!' exclaimed Bob. 'Were they all iron and heavy bars, and if one passed in, did they shut and keep him there forever?'

'No; the doors I mean are pink or scarlet, and when they open you can see a row of little servants standing all in white, and behind them is a little lady dressed in crimson.'

'What, that's splendid!' cried Kate; 'I should like to go in myself.'

'Ah! it is what comes out of those doors that makes them so dangerous. They need a strong guard on each side, or else there is great trouble.'

'Why, what comes out?' said little Peace, with wondering eyes.

'When the guards are away,' said Cousin Will. 'I have known some things to come out sharper than arrows, and they make terrible wounds. Quite lately I saw two pretty little doors, and one was opened, and the little lady began to talk very fast like this, "What a stuck-up thing Lucy Waters is! and did you see that horrid dress made out of her sister's old one?" "Oh, yes," said the other little crimson lady from the other door, "and what a turned-up nose she has!" Then poor Lucy, who was around the corner, ran home and cried all the evening.'

'I know what you mean!' cried Kate, coloring, 'were you listening?'

'Oh, you mean our mouths are doors!' exclaimed Harry, 'and the crimson lady is Miss Tongue, but who are the guards, and where do they come from?'

'You may ask the great King. This is what you must say: "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.' Then He will send Patience to stand on one side and Love on the other, and no unkind word will dare come out.'—'Canadian Churchman.'

FINE FLAGS FREE.

A premium you seldom get. Best Wool Bunting, will wear for years. For particulars apply to

FLAG DEPARTMENT.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

'Witness Block,' Montreal.

Which Way do You Take?

There are ways and ways of being sympathetic. There is one where a person who stands close to his neighbor in need does so merely for the sake of being thought sympathetic. But such are not the truest comforters. It is he who not only speaks consolingly, but who 'follows up the word with the deed,' that is the true friend in need.

Mabel was standing on a street corner crying as though her heart would break, when Martha came trundling her hoop down the sidewalk.

'What's the matter?' asked Martha, stopping short.

'I'se lost my nickel down there!' was the sobbing reply as the speaker pointed to the gutter.

'That's too bad! Look very hard for it, and maybe you'll find it,' Martha said, as she gave her hoop a touch with the short stick she had in her hand, and followed it as it rolled away. The thought did not seem to come to her that she might have spared a few minutes from her play to aid in search for the missing coin.

A little later as Mabel was adopting Martha's advice to 'look very hard,' Nanette came briskly along from the opposite direction, and, seeing the small figure in the gutter, exclaimed: 'Why, Mabel Marsh! What are you doing there?'

'I'se lost my nickel, and I can't find it at all!' was the tearful reply.

Now Nanette was on her way to spend the afternoon with a friend who had begged her to come early, and she was hurrying her best to make up time already lost, when she discovered Mabel in trouble. The sight of the latter's distress aroused but one desire in Nanette's loving heart, and that was to offer practical sympathy to the little girl. And so, though she said almost the same words that Martha had spoken a short time before, she backed them up by stepping down into the gutter, where she diligently sought for the coin until she found it.

'You're just as kind as can be!' Mabel exclaimed, gratefully, when the money was once more safely in her pocket.

Nanette laughed merrily as she hurried away. 'That wasn't much to do!' she declared.

But it was just the thing that was needed. —The 'Girl's Companion.'

The Best Life.

(J. Mench Chambers, in the 'American Messenger.')

Do not hurry.
Do not worry;
Grip your purpose and be true.
Days must measure
God's own pleasure,
When this truth is plain to you.

Then be steady,
Always ready;
Never murmur, do your part.
Light each duty
With the beauty
Of a wholesome, happy heart.

Ben Kit's Legacy.

A True Story.

(Mrs. Emma D. Knapp, in the New York 'Observer.')

It was a glorious June morning. As one stood upon the little island off the Massachusetts coast enjoying its peace and beauty, it was hard to realize that only a few hours before the same waves that now lapped the shore so gently had then risen almost mountain high in their fury, threatening destruction to every sailing craft exposed to their power.

At the breakfast table in the lighthouse on the island this same morning were seated not only Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, the keeper and his wife, but also five sailors, whose vessel having been driven upon the coast during the storm had been rescued and cared for. As they rose from the table one man said:

'I guess I'll go aboard the boat and see what has become of the cat.'

'O do,' said Mrs. Rogers, 'and bring it right up to the house.'

In half an hour he returned, carrying a half-drowned kitten. 'I found him swimming around in the hold,' he said, 'and I guess he's half starved.'

'Hunger is a disease soon cured,' said Mrs. Rogers, as she placed a dish of warm milk on the hearth.

After lapping it to the last drop, with a little mew, as if asking permission, pussy crawled under the stove and had soon forgotten all his troubles in sleep. By evening, with the help of the wreckers, the vessel was again afloat and the grateful men came in to say good-bye.

'O, we must not forget the cat,' said its rescuer.

'I wish you would leave it,' said Mrs. Rogers, who sat by the west window holding it in her lap. 'We are both fond of pets, and there is not an animal about the place!'

'Well,' said the sailor, 'I'm sure you deserve it for your kindness, so good-bye pussy,' and he was gone. They named the cat 'Ben Kit,' and it showed so much intelligence that it not only became a great pet in the childless home, but was also esteemed a great treasure. It grew to be of large size, and was taught many tricks. One day Mr. Rogers saw it toiling up the road, firmly holding in its teeth a live, full-grown mink. Throwing the door wide open he hastened outside shouting:

'Bring it in, Ben; bring it in,' at the same time wondering how he would ever mount the stairs with such a burden hanging from his mouth until it almost touched the ground, but puss was equal to the occasion. Upon reaching the stairs he turned around, and ascending them tail first, walked into the kitchen with his prize, never relaxing his hold until every door and window was closed; then releasing his victim he sprang upon the table, where from his safe position he watched the destruction of his captive with the keenest satisfaction.

Years came and went, and there was another storm, and another vessel was driven upon the shore near where the lighthouse by its clear light was trying to warn ships off the dangerous coast. In addition to this crew there was a passenger aboard—a gentleman about forty years of age, whose name was Leigh. They were all welcomed by the keeper and his wife, and treated with the greatest kindness. The best of everything in the house was placed at their disposal. About noon the next day, everything having been arranged for continuing the voyage, and the captain having expressed his appreciation of Mr. Rogers's hospitality, had gone back to the vessel, but Mr. Leigh lingered.

'I can never express my gratitude to you for your kindness,' he said, approaching Mr. Rogers, 'and although this is no compensation, I hope you will accept it as a proof that I am truly grateful,' and he handed him a twenty dollar bill.

The keeper quickly drew back. 'Thank you,' he said, 'but I never take money for helping a man in distress. You are all the more welcome to anything I have been able to do for you, and I hope your voyage will end more comfortably than it has begun.'

The gentleman crossed the room to the window where Mrs. Rogers sat holding the cat. 'Well, good-bye,' he said, extending his hand. 'I do thank you very much for all your kindness. You will let me leave this as a slight expression of my gratitude, won't you?' and he handed her the same bill which her husband had just refused.

'O, no,' she replied. 'We are both very glad we could be of any assistance to you. We are so shut out from the world at large that the only opportunity we have of doing any good is by helping any distressed mariners who may be driven upon our shore.'

'I suppose your cat is a great pet,' said Mr. Leigh, abruptly changing the subject. 'What do you call him?' and bending forward he smoothed his glossy fur.

'"Ben Kit." Yes, he is a nice cat, and a great pet.'

'Well, good-bye; there is the Captain's last call,' and he hurried out to the vessel. The sails were set and the anchor raised, and as soon as he stepped upon the deck she was headed toward the ocean, and was soon out of sight.

Two weeks passed away and nothing of importance had transpired upon the island, when one morning Mr. Rogers found in his mail, a thin, square package. On the outside it was addressed to 'Ben Kit, care of William Rogers, Keeper of the Lighthouse, Baker's Island.'

'Why, wife, what do you suppose this is?' he said, reading the address aloud.

'I should say the quickest way to find out would be to open it.' was the reply.

Her advice was followed. Inside the parcel was a new bank book with fifty dollars on it, credited to Ben Kit, with Mr. Rogers for trustee.

'Well, Mr. Leigh was bound to have his way, wasn't he?' exclaimed the astonished woman. So Ben Kit became a legatee. Being in trust the principal cannot be touched during his life, but at his death it becomes the property of his master unconditionally. The interest is all spent upon the old cat and the luxuries it purchases helps to soothe his declining years.

After hearing this story the summer we were staying upon the island, we walked up to the lighthouse hoping to see this remarkable animal, but we were told he always took a nap every morning at eleven, and was never allowed to be disturbed, so we were obliged to return without so much as a glimpse of this wonderful cat.

O that every little homeless human waif in the world, suffering from poverty and neglect, could find such kind protectors as did the puss of Baker's Island, is the wish that always arises in our mind whenever we remember Ben Kit and his remarkable legacy.

FOUNTAIN PEN FREE.

Every boy aspires to a fountain pen. His vest pocket is made for one. Any wideawake boy can secure one FREE by selling only ONE DOZEN AND A HALF copies of **"The Canadian Pictorial"** a new illustrated monthly that everyone will want. Ten cents a copy, with a ten cent coupon in each.

The pen we offer is a first-class article, full size, with a gold 14k nib—fine, medium or stub—compares favorably with any $2.00 fountain pen.

Send us a postal asking for the papers. When sold, remit us $1.50, and get your pen by return mail.

No risk about this! Show the large announcement to your friends and get them interested in advance, so that you know where to go the moment your papers reach you.

First number selling fast. DON'T MISS IT.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Agents for "The Canadian Pictorial,"
"Witness" Block, Montreal.

P. S.—If you wish to send cash with order, we of course mail premium by same mail as the papers.

Take Care.

You may keep your feet from slipping,
And your hands from evil deeds,
But to guard your tongue from tripping,
What unceasing care it needs!
Be you old or be you young,
O, beware,
Take good care,
Of the tittle-tattle, tell-tale tongue!
—'St. Nicholas.'

The Deacon's New Overcoat.

(Helen Maud Greenslade, in the 'Standard.')

The Adams family sat around the table, over which the lamplight cast its glow. An hour before, the same table served them as a supper table; but now the dishes were washed and put away, and the white linen cloth had been replaced by one of turkey-red. In the glow of the lamp, the family with their bright faces made a pleasant picture. One face alone wore a slightly perturbed expression, and that was the face of Deacon Adams' wife.

During the past few days, the family had become familiar with the perturbation of Mrs. Adams. Ever since it had been decided that the deacon was to attend the conference, at a town fifty miles away, the reason for her worry had been often on her tongue. It was all about the deacon's overcoat. Shabby it was, there was no denial; but the coat, having sheltered the deacon through nine blustering winters, had become a friend, and the deacon would as soon have thought of speaking evil of his neighbor, as of saying aught against his shabby overcoat. I know the deacon and I never heard him speak ill of any one. So when his wife said it was yellow, old and frayed at the edges, and I don't know how many more uncomplimentary things about the faithful old coat, the deacon defended it right manfully.

'It's warm and comfortable, Martha,' he said, 'and cost a good sum in its day.'

'Father,' said little Jim, 'it won't be long before I'm a man, and then I'll buy you a new overcoat,' and little Jim placed his chubby hand upon his head to show how high it was, when, in truth, it was not much higher than the table.

'Pooh,' said John, the older boy, 'I'll be a man long before you will and I'll buy father's overcoat.'

'Hush boys,' said the mother, 'don't quarrel.' Nevertheless, she was proud of her sons and their words soon chased the anxious look from her face.

Little Nell, the deacon's darling, quietly watched her father's kindly face and she thought that when she said her prayers that night and asked God to bless father and mother she would add, 'and send father a new overcoat.'

That night when the children were snug in bed and the deacon was sleeping the sleep of contentment, a figure in white stole into the sitting-room. From an adjoining closet, the shabby coat was brought and Mrs. Adams sat down to look it over. Her pillow had lent her an idea and she could not wait until morning to see if her idea could be put into action. Seated in the firelight, with the coat upon her lap, she inspected it carefully. Now that her husband was not present to defend it, Mrs. Adams was quite willing to admit its good qualities. It was well made and the cloth was thick and warm. Under it the deacon's true heart had beat and Mrs. Adams handled it almost lovingly.

Perhaps it was because of her idea that she no longer felt any resentment towards the old coat, as she fingered its weather-stained sleeves and faded collar. She had

already resolved and decided what was to be done. Some people used to say that if Deacon Adams only had his wife's snap—but this is a story about the deacon's overcoat, not about the deacon.

Mrs. Adams reached over, took the scissors from her work-basket and began ripping a seam. When she had ripped five or six inches, she turned back the cloth. 'Yes,' she said to herself, 'I wonder why I didn't think of it before. The wrong side is like the right and is just as good as new. Tomorrow, I'll rip it up. I'll send the boys to borrow the tailor's goose and the deacon can help me press the seams.'

When the deacon entered the sitting-room the next morning, a sight met his eyes that made him stare. There sat his wife, with scissors in hand, so eager in her task of ripping the old coat, that her scissors seemed more like a weapon of attack than the tool of her gentle art.

'Why, Martha,' he exclaimed, 'what does this mean?'

A few words of explanation sufficed, for the deacon had so often heard that Mrs. Adams could do anything, that he fully believed it.

Every moment that Mrs. Adams could spare from her household tasks that day was spent in ripping and carefully studying the parts of the coat and the way they were put together. By the time the children returned from school, it was ready for the reconstruction process. After John and Little Jim had finished their bread and butter, she said, 'Boys, are you ready to go on an errand for mother? Go to Mr. Stevens, the tailor, and ask him if he will please lend me his goose for a few days. I will send it back as promptly as possible.'

Visions of a waddling fowl in white feathers rose before little Jim's mind, for nothing is so delightful to a boy as something really alive that makes a noise. Not the most costly painted toy that winds with a key and 'goes' has half the fascination.

'Is Mr. Stevens' goose white, with yellow legs?' he asked eagerly.

'Why, a tailor's goose isn't a real live goose, it's made of iron, little goosie,' said John, quite ready to show his superior knowledge.

'Can't it run at you and hiss?' the child persisted, drawing up his feet as if he felt the creature at his heels.

His mother explained that this kind of a goose hissed only when pressed heavily over a dampened seam, but even this explanation did not subdue Jamie's enthusiasm, as he walked along beside his big brother. Something he had never seen, with such an interesting name, was very pleasant to go after, for the world was very new to little Jim.

Mr. Stevens obligingly lent Mrs. Adams his goose and for the rest of the week there were busy scenes at the Adams' home. Even little Nell put on her tiny thimble and helped mother. A hitherto dormant and unsuspected love of clothes seemed to awaken in the deacon's breast, as he pressed seams and cracked jokes about being a tailor's apprentice, and he paid the tailoress so many compliments as to make the roses come and go in her cheeks.

The coat was a great success. You know it would be. The deacon wore it to the conference, and he wore it for many winters afterwards. At the station, every one who saw the deacon, noticed his smart appearance and before the day closed, nearly everybody in the village had heard about Deacon Adams' new overcoat. The question was, where did Deacon Adams get the money.

Did the deacon's wife tell? The pride of this good woman far exceeded her love of approbation, and she was always more anxious to conceal than to display the clever things she did for her family.

Did the tailor tell? Perhaps he was afraid other good wives might be stimulated to follow Mrs. Adams' example and trespass upon what he rightfully considered his preserves. The story never got out. Many years afterwards, the deacon's daughter told it to me, and that is how I came to know all about it.

Their Missionary Barrel.

(Gertrude Lee Crouch, in the 'Interior.')

'Oh, here you are, Mrs. Knight,' exclaimed Elsie Freeland in a tone of relief. 'I began to fear that you could not have the luncheon and I should have to pack the barrel alone.'

'Oh, no, dear, I would not desert you; but if anything was a bother, it is this missionary barrel. I have given up two mornings to collecting garments, hurried through a luncheon at Shales, and now have to be back at five to dress for a dinner party. Really, Elsie, while I don't wish to criticize our president, I do think she should have used better judgement and appointed some one else as chairman of this affair. Everyone knows what a busy woman I am,' and Mrs. Knight threw aside her beautiful fur-lined coat and fell to work at the pile of clothing before her with a sigh of resignation.

'There!' she exclaimed, tucking in the last garment after two hours of work, 'I hope they will appreciate it. Did you say there was a large family, Elsie? Five children? Dear me! Well, no doubt the mother will find plenty of material here to make over. I brought some things that are really good enough for Marjorie to wear, but she is becoming so notional since she started in at Miss Hyde's school that she will not wear anything two seasons. But good-bye, Elsie; I thank you very much for your help,' and Mrs. Reginald Knight, wealthiest woman of the Park church, stepped into her carriage and leaned back with a pleasant feeling of complacence as she reviewed the work that she had done for the Lord.

Elsie Freeland walked toward home in a thoughtful mood. 'Dear me,' she mused, 'I wish I had been more generous toward those missionaries. I know what a struggle mother has to keep us going on an income of three thousand a year, and they say that the missionary gets less than five hundred; but then I suppose they get used to economizing, and of course they can't need as much as we do here; still, there is that ten dollars of my very own, I suppose I might spare at least part of it'—but just then Elsie was overtaken by a jolly crowd of school friends and her good intention died at its birth; next morning Mrs. Knight's coachman headed the barrel and carted it to the freight house.

It was the day before Christmas. In a little town up in Minnesota the streets were nearly deserted; for all day a blast which seemed straight from the North Pole had swept down the streets and around the corners, piercing with its icy breath the few brave ones who ventured out. But it would have taken more than forty-five degrees below zero to keep little Dwight Colton indoors when the only chance for a Christmas celebration lay in the arrival of a box expected from the East; so, pulling his cap over his ears and tying on his red muffler, he ran down to the freight office for the seventh time that day.

Anticipating his eager question, the agent drawled out, 'Tell your pa to borrow Seth Risley's team, sonny, for it's a hefty one this time.'

'O, Mr. Poole, do you mean it?' shouted the delighted boy, and catching sight of a barrel addressed to the Rev. Arthur Colton, he took to his heels and was half way down the street before the slow-speaking agent had prepared to reply.

'Father, mother, it's come, it's come!' he cried, bursting into the sitting room where the family was gathered. 'Borrow Seth Risley's team, 'cause it's heavy this year. Quick, father, or I shall go alone.'

With that Mr. Colton rose to the occasion and buttoned on his threadbare coat, while all the other Coltons, great, middle-sized, and small, laughed, shouted, or danced, according to his notion of expressing overflowing joy.

By this time it was dark, and the storm had increased its fury; but undaunted, father and son started out on their half-mile walk. When they finally returned with the precious barrel, Mr. Colton was too stiff to lift it into the house and plucky Dwight had his cheeks frozen.

Lucile ran for a pan of snow with which to thaw them out; mother chafed father's hands; Esther hastened next door for some one to help with the barrel, while Nan, Baby and Bounce, the dog, danced wildly about, getting under people's feet and hindering generally.

Mr. Foster came over, glad to be of assistance to his pastor; by this time Mr. Colton was ready to do his share, so they brought it in and set it down tenderly, that barrel which meant Christmas comfort and Christian sympathy to them. Not a nail was to be removed, however (to this they all agreed), till father had returned the team and come back to share it with them; so while he was absent,—and it seemed a long time,—Mrs. Colton and Lucile prepared the supper, the younger children guessing meantime as to the probable contents of the barrel.

'If there is only one doll, it is mine,' announced Nan.

'Well, I think not, Miss Nan; here I am eleven years old and never had a real doll in my life. If there is only one, it is mine,' Esther replied in a tone of finality which admitted no argument.

Nan began to cry, but was soothed by her mother's wise advice to wait and see the doll before they claimed it.

At last Mr. Colton returned. There was no searching for mislaid hammer or screwdriver this time,—no, indeed, Dwight had taken care that there should be no more delay, and in a short time Mr. Colton had used both to such good purpose that the barrel stood beheaded and its contents displayed.

With fingers that trembled Mrs. Colton began to lift out the articles, for this was their first remembrance from the East in five years.

'Here is a coat for you, father, dear,' said she. 'It is rather small, I am afraid, but perhaps you can squeeze into it. Here are some pretty muslin dresses which will do nicely for the girls next summer. What are these? Oh, baby clothes,—dear me! Baby, darling, they might have fitted you last year, but will hardly do for such a big boy as you are now. No, Nan, don't crowd; I haven't caught sight of a dolly yet. This is for you, laddie,' handing over a partly worn suit to patient Dwight; 'and here are magazines—lots of the—nineteen three, nineteen-four; they seem to be a little ancient, Arthur; but it is something to read, isn't it?' said his wife, with a brave smile. 'Here is a nice hat; now, don't quarrel over it, girls, I know you both need it; we shall see about it later. Well, well, a beautiful blue silk gown. I suppose some dear woman thought that was what a minister's wife should wear.'

'So she should, dear,' interposed Mr. Colton, with a loving look at the beautiful woman kneeling before him.

'Maybe so, in the East, Arthur, but not out here among these poor people. O, Esther, Nan, perhaps these are your dolls,' she cried eagerly, catching up an interesting looking parcel. The children trembled with excitement while she removed numerous wrappings, and when the last one was taken off, the imaginary dolls proved to be two bottles of catsup. Nan burst into tears.

'Never mind, little daughter; Esther dear, don't look so heartbroken,' comforted their father, his eyes becoming moist. 'Perhaps father can get you dolls this year if the crops are better; be brave!'

'We are getting down to the bottom,' said Mrs. Colton, her head thrust suspiciously far into the barrel. 'What have we here? Ah, Lucile, this must be for you.'

Lucile put out her hand with girlish eagerness and shook it out; then she held it up and burst into hysterical laughter.

'A party waist!' she cried; 'chiffon, ribbons, lace; low neck and elbow sleeves. It will do nicely for prayer meeting, father.'

'Lucile!' reproved her mother gently, a lump in her own throat as she noticed her daughter's flushed cheeks and eyes brimming over with tears.

'O, mother, you know how I need a decent dress!'

'Yes, I know, dear; perhaps if mother is very wise and careful she can make over your serge once more. O Lucile,' as she

had an inspiration, 'we will trim it with the blue silk; there can be no harm in that. Here are shirts and stockings— I am thankful for those; and this is the last thing, children—a book. I hope it is for my book-loving laddie. "How to Use Left-overs,"—for me, I suppose. Too bad, Dwight! but perhaps you can read the magazines. Now, come to supper, all, and let us wear our "bright morning faces," for we must not greet our Lord's birthday with selfish and unthankful hearts.'

After the children had gone to bed, the minister and his wife sat down together before the fire.

'Isn't that a pathetic row of stockings hung up for Santa Claus to fill?' asked the wife, pointing to the mantel.

'Yes; I hope you have fixed up some things for each of them, Lucy?'

'Indeed. I would not let them find empty stockings if—if—well, I don't know what I mean, but I know I wouldn't,' she finished, logically.

'Lucy,' said her husband, stroking her brown hair, 'I have been wondering lately if I am not making a mistake after all in keeping you and the children out here. When I think what it means to a woman of your culture and education'—

'There, dear, don't say another word. I know it was of me that you were thinking. If there was a sacrifice at all, it was yours when you declined a metropolitan church to work for these poor people. But it has paid, hasn't it, Arthur? Think of the sheaves we found white already to the harvest without a single laborer; think of the warm-hearted friends you have made; think of the church you have built—these things are better even than full Christmas stockings; are they not, my husband?'

'Of course, of course; I believe it from the bottom of my heart, little woman; but sometimes it does seem that those at the other end are letting go the ropes. But away with discouragement, and let us thank God for the many blessings he has showered upon us.'

Next morning while the children were making merry over their simple gifts, Mrs. Colton slipped away to write a note of thanks to the church which had sent the barrel, while her heart was filled with the spirit of Christmas; later she brought it out and gave it to Dwight to carry to the post-office. He returned after what seemed an unduly long absence and hung about with a guilty air, for it semed to him that a small piece of paper tucked in his pocket must burn a hole through his coat.

'Where have you been so long, laddie?' inquired his mother.

'Been trying to earn two cents,' replied the boy with downcast eyes.

'Two cents? What for? Did you earn it?' chorused his sisters.

'No, I didn't; I am going out again after dinner,' he replied, dodging the first two questions.

But no one could ever be certain what plans could be formed under Dwight's brown curls, so they did not press him to tell his secret; and just before supper time he came into the house with such a distinct air of satisfaction that they were sure he had managed to earn the coveted sum.

Two days after Christmas Mrs. Reginald Knight, looking over her large correspondence, picked out a letter postmarked Minnesota, and chose that one to read first because she could not think whom it might be from.

'A very touching letter,' she mused, as she refolded it. 'I suppose we hardly realize what our trifling gifts mean to those poor people. I must have this letter read to the Society, of course.' Whereupon she pigeon-holed it and forgot its existence.

Next morning she received another letter addressed in a boy's large round hand-writing, and opened it with much curiosity.

'Dear Mam,—I thought I would rite and tell you about the crying time we had over that barrul, 'cause I knew my mother wooden't.

'First—Esther and Nan cried 'cause there wasn't a doll and neither of them ever had one.

'Second—My mother most cried 'cause the coat was too small for father—'cause our baby was too big for the close—'cause ministers' wives can't wear blue silk dresses.

'Third—Esther and Lucile most cried 'cause there was only one hat.

'Fourth—Lucile took on like every thing 'cause there wasn't any neck and sleeves in the waist.

'Fifth—Could you please change all these things and we will send back what we got.

Yours respectably,
Dwight Moody Colton.

'P.S.—Sixth—If you had a book named the flight of pony Baker that your little boy was threw with, you mite send it along.'

Mrs. Knight leaned back in her chair and stared at the epistle before her with mingled emotions. She was touched by the pathos of this naive little letter, but her self-satisfaction had received an uncomfortable shock.

As she pondered, Elsie Freeland came in, and without a word she put the letter into her hands. As she read a flush of shame overspread her face.

'O, Mrs. Knight, the poor little things!' she cried. 'Never a doll, and only one hat for two girls, and no book for that dear little boy. I shall spend the whole of my ten dollars on them this very day.'

'No, no, Elsie,' protested her friend, 'you will not need to give all you have if the rest of us do our share. One hat for two girls—and Marjorie has had four this season! Never a doll—and there are twenty in our nursery! Elsie Freeland, I have been a selfish woman!'

'You are not a bit selfish, Mrs. Knight; everyone knows how generous you are. But I think perhaps the trouble with us all is (if you will pardon a girl for saying so) that we don't think about the Lord's work as we do about other things; it is just the scraps of our thought and time and effort that we have left for Him; anyhow, that is the way with me.'

'You are right, dear child, that is the way it has been with me; but if I don't correct it for myself, and Marjorie from to-day, it will not be the fault of little Dwight Colton.'

You should have been in that missionary's home when a box sent by express arrived a week later. There was some crying this time, also, but it was for sheer joy. Everybody talked and laughed and cried and wondered all together.

How it could have happened no one could decide; for no one could connect Dwight's two-cents with a postage stamp, nor his postage stamp with a letter. Probably they would never have known if Dwight had not suddenly remembered that he had promised to send the first things back, and had whispered his confession into his mother's ear.

The Luck of Robbie.

(Mrs. Emma A. Lente, in the New York 'Observer.')

'Hey, Rob! Come an' go fishin down Silver Creek. Just a good day for fish to bite.'

'I know 'tis boys, but I've got to work.'

'Work—on a holiday! Let it go, an' come on. Work can wait.'

'Not this work. I've got a lot of weeding an' transplanting to do.'

'Fussin' over flowers all of Saturday mornin'! 'Fore I'd let a lot of old merry-gools an' sturshuns keep me from a day's fun! You're silly.'

'I'll do something for fun this afternoon, that is, if I get through,' replied Rob.

'You won't git through. Weeds 'll grow while you're pullin' 'em. Well, bye-bye, an' luck to yer diggin'!'

'Rob's no good since he got that flower craze,' grumbled Sammy Darrow. 'Fussin' over plants is all well enough for wimmenfolks, but for a boy to waste his time that way makes me sick! Race me to the creek, boys!'

Meanwhile Robbie Ward bent over his garden beds, patiently weeding and transplanting asters, and training sweet peas the way he wanted them to go. It did not take him all day, and in the afternoon he had a fine drive in the country with his uncle, the doctor.

His plants grew while he watched them, and grew twice as fast when he slept, until their thriftiness was the wonder of all flower lovers.

When Children's Day came, a magnificent bunch of Robbie's sweet peas stood on a table at the minister's right hand, and received a word or two of notice. When the service was over they were taken to the minister's sweet wife, who was too ill to be at the church.

A few days later Robbie's mother asked him to go to the Old Ladies' Home, and take a glass of currant jelly to a dear old lady who lived there for many years.

'You might take her a few of your blossoms, too,' added his mother, 'I know she loves them.'

With a willing hand the boy picked his very choicest blooms, and on his return from the Home, he said:

'Well, mamma, she liked the jelly and sent her thanks, but she just loved the flowers; she said she doted on nasturtiums, an' she hadn't had so many in years—not since she had a little home of her own an' raised 'em. But she gave some away to the other old ladies, because they made such a time over 'em. How many live there, mamma?'

'I think there are but nine now.'

'When I have flowers more plenty, wouldn't it be nice to take a bunch for each one? Don't you think so?'

'Yes, it would be a lovely thing to do.'

And so each week through the rest of the summer a bouquet went to the Home for each of the nine old ladies, and many, many were the thanks and blessings bestowed on the thoughtful little lad.

His careless mates who often laughed and jeered at him, were very willing to accept his lavish bounty, and the sick people whom he knew were often remembered.

'The more flowers I pick the more I seem to have,' said Robbie. 'They just hurry to blossom over night, so we can have the very sweetest for our breakfast table.'

'Do you sell your flowers?'

Robbie looked up from his picking to see two ladies leaning over the garden paling and smiling at him in a beguiling manner.

'No'm, that is, I haven't; I give lots away, though. Wouldn't you like these?' and he offered his hands' full over the fence.

'Oh, how lovely! Yes, we want them, but we want to pay you for them.'

'You needn't, really, and—oh, that's too much,' as two bright ten cent pieces lay in his hand.

'No, indeed, it isn't too much, and we want the same to-morrow, and every day we are in the place, if we may.'

So for two weeks Robbie had twenty cents daily for flowers, and when the ladies went back to the city, they took a large basket full, leaving him with a crisp dollar bill in payment, and an ambitious dream of raising flowers on a larger scale for the city market.

'Rob's an awful lucky boy,' grumbled Sammy Darrow. 'He's been the pet of the hull town all summer on account of his givin' away flowers so, right an' left, an' now he's gone an' sold pretty near four dollars' worth, an' got loads of flowers left. I don't never have no luck like that. I wish't I was him!'

JACK-KNIFE FREE.

A regular man's jack-knife—something any boy will be proud of—secured by selling only one dozen copies of 'THE CANADIAN PICTORIAL'—a new illustrated monthly that everyone will want. Ten Cents a copy, with a 10 cent coupon in each. Send us a postcard for the 12 copies. When sold remit $1.20 and get knife by return mail.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Agents for 'The Canadian Pictorial,'
'Witness' Block, Montreal.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School.

LITTLE FOLKS

A Strange Foster-Mother.

Marilla is very proud of her family, and will not let anyone interfere with them. Now Marilla is a fine name that has been given to a cat, whose home is in Birmingham. But how comes it that Marilla's family consists of chickens and not kittens? You may well ask the question.

Well, you see Marilla was a grandmother, probably a great-

grandmother, and had not had any kittens for some time, but her motherly instinct was as strong as ever. The little chickens she is nursing so tenderly have known no other mother's care than hers.

They were not hatched in the natural way by an anxious patient hen, but by artificial means in an incubator, a machine in which eggs are placed and are heated by a gradual process, until the little chicks break the shells to find themselves on a kind of tray, with no dear mother to look after them.

It is not so surprising after all that the kittenless cat and the motherless chicks have come together in the way they have. The chickens were sent to a corn-dealer's shop as an advertisement for poultry food. When they arrived they were placed near the fireplace in the office. The cat was having an afternoon nap in a basket near by, when she was aroused from her siesta by the chirping of the chickens. She came out to see what the noise was about.

The downy coats of the little strangers reminded her of her last litter of kittens. She gently scooped them into her sleeping-place and there tended them with a motherly care, as though they were really her own family. She washes them regularly every day, just as a cat does kittens. The little chicks could not understand this at first, but they soon got used to it, and now they do not offer the slightest objection.

After a day or two the chickens were removed to a window in the shop, and there the cat followed them and showed the same loving care as before. The chickens nestle under her soft fur, and are quite as comfortable and happy as they would be under a hen. Now and then a little fluffy head pops out to look at the world, just as you have seen in the case of a hen and her brood. Marilla is a most attentive foster-mother and only leaves her chicks in order to take her own food.

At first there were five chickens, but she was so good to them that her family was increased to ten, and when these grow up she will be given other chickens to take care of, so long as she is disposed to act as a kindly mother to them. —'The Child's Companion.'

Little Prayers.

Upward float the little prayers
Day by day.
Little prayers for little cares
In work or play.
Every moment brings its trial
Or its pleasure;
Little prayers for self-denial
Yield rich treasure.

Let this be your little prayer
Every day;
'Keep me, Lord, in thy dear care,
Come what may;
Lead my little feet apart
From evil things;
Daily hide my little heart
Beneath thy wings.'

—Lessons for the Little Ones.

How Bennie Ran Away.

'Come, Bennie, you must go to bed,' said Nurse Nora.

'Don't want to,' returned Bennie, scowling his baby brow.

'But you must. It's half-past seven.'

'Don't care. Me run away.'

This was a common threat of the little boy. Ever since he could talk he had made use of it, until his mother and Nora had ceased to pay any attention to the words, hoping he would forget them as he grew older.

So Nora said, cheerfully, 'I'll get some nice, cool water for you, and then take off your hot clothes, and put you in your little bed.'

It had been a hot day, and perhaps that was why Bennie was not as good-tempered as usual.

'Will run away!' he said, after Nora had gone. He stamped his little foot, knocking over a fort which Nora had just made with his building-blocks.

Then he clambered down the porch steps, slipped through a hole in the hedge, and ran over to a vacant lot where there were some trees and rocks, as fast as his chubby legs would carry him.

'Me bad boy,' he kept saying to himself. 'Me running away.'

Meanwhile there was trouble in the house. When Nora returned with the water she looked for the child in the garden, dining-room,

and parlor, then, becoming a little anxious, she called her mistress.

'O ma'am,' she cried, 'I can't find Master Bennie anywhere. Is he upstairs with you, ma'am?'

'Why, no,' said Bennie's mother, taking alarm at once. 'Where did you leave him?'

'He was playing on the porch, ma'am, and I went to get him some water, and when I got back he was gone. He didn't want to go to bed, and said he'd run away.'

'Then he has done it at last!' wailed the mother. 'O my baby, my baby! Nora run! You go one way and I the other! O my baby!'

After looking in vain for him at the neighbors' and along the street, the two women returned to the house. Darkness had fallen, and the thought of the dear little fellow, wandering alone in the night made them both weep.

'Oh, what shall we do?' moaned the mother. 'If his father were only here! We must get the neighbors to help us look for him with lanterns.'

Just then a little noise at the back door sent them running to the back of the house, where, to their great joy, they saw Bennie toiling wearily up the steps.

'Mamma, mamma!' he was crying, and when he felt his mother's loving arms around him, he sobbed as if his little heart would break.

'There, there, Bennie,' his mother said, comfortingly, don't cry any more. You're safe with mother now. Where did you go, darling?'

'O mamma,' he said, between sobs, 'I runned away. I was bad. I didn't want to go to bed, and I was going to hide where Nora, nor you, nor anybody couldn't find me. But it was awful dark, and nen the angels lighted all their lanterns up there in the sky,' pointing with his forefinger, 'and found me out, and nen—and nen—I got scared and runned home. I wanted mamma.'

'Yes, darling, and mamma wanted her little boy. Bennie must promise not to run away again and make mamma cry.'

'Did ou cry, mamma? Poor mamma!' patting her cheek with his soft little hand.

'Yes, and poor Nora, too. Aren't you sorry for her?'

'Poor Nora!' he repeated, holding out his baby hand to her. She kissed it, and he said, graciously, 'Now, you may put me to bed.'

So mother and nurse undressed and bathed him and laid him lovingly in his little white bed. Then they watched beside him until sweet sleep closed his eyes, their hearts filled with gratitude to the good God who had let no harm come to their darling when he had 'runned away.'—'S.S. Messenger.'

The Reason Why.

'When I was at the party,'
Said Betty (aged just four),
'A little girl fell off her chair,
Right down upon the floor;
And all the other little girls
Began to laugh, but me—
I didn't laugh a single bit,'
Said Betty, seriously.

'Why not?' her mother asked her.
Full of delight to find
That Betty—bless her little heart!—
Had been so sweetly kind;
'Why didn't you laugh, darling?
Or don't you like to tell?'
'I didn't laugh,' said Betty,
''Cause it was me that fell.'
—Scattered Seeds.

Tommy's Dream.

Tommy had a curious dream one night. He had been kept in from play to help his father. But instead of being proud to think that his father wanted his help, he was cross about losing his play—so cross that his father quietly remarked he would not ask him to stay in again.

When he lay down to sleep that night, he dreamed that two angels were sent down to earth to make a record of all the nice, loving things the boys and girls were doing.

One angel was to take note of all the big things that were done, and the other was to write down all the little, unnoticed deeds of life. They parted as they reached the earth, and when they met again, on their way back to heaven, they compared notes. One had scarcely filled two pages of his book.

'There are not many conspicuous things done, after all,' he said, in explanation.

'I have scarcely found time to write down all that I have seen,' said the other angel, and he showed a little book filled from cover to cover with the record of loving little deeds.

Tommy's heart stood still, and he thought, 'My name must be there too, for it was a nice thing to stay in and help father.'

Then he heard the angel explaining why there were some boys and girls he did not take any notice of at all. 'They did nice things,' he said, 'but they were so cross about it, and so unwilling, that I could not write them down. For, you know, I was told only to record the loving deeds of life.'

Then Tommy woke up, and as he lay still and thought about it, he knew that he could not possibly have been in the angel's book that day.—'Temperance Leader.'

A Fresh Start.

'Are you sure you can go home alone, Eddie?'

'If you'll show me the way, uncle, I can.'

Eddie was in a large city for the first time, and Uncle Howard was afraid to have him go from the office to the house by himself, but Eddie was sure he could, and the two went to the door, where uncle pointed out the way clearly. It was not far, and there was only one turn.

The boy started off on a run, but in his great haste he made the wrong turn after all, and soon found that he was not on the street leading home at all, for he could not see the house after making the turn, as he should.

'Well,' said the little boy to himself, stopping to think, 'I can see the way I came, anyhow, and I'll run back to the office and get uncle to start me over again. I know how to get back there.'

He ran back and got a fresh start. This time, being more careful, he made the right turn.

Wise little Eddie! When one sees he is wrong, no matter in what way, the thing to do is not to go on wrong a single step, but to turn back and make a fresh start. It is easier to run back, if one has not gone far, and it is better to ask the one who knows the way than to try to find it oneself.

When we have done wrong God is the one to seek. He will set us right.—Selected.

Correspondence

B.. Ont.

Dear Editor,—Our school is not very large, as it is only a village one. It contains two rooms on the first flat, and one large room on the second. We have lots of fun sleigh riding down the hill back of it. B. is quite a nice place in summer. I can play lawn tennis a little. I have read a number of books. I like reading very much, and especially the 'Messenger.' It always has such lovely stories in it, and 'St. Cecilia of the Court' is just lovely, I think. Mr. Billy Daniels and Dr. Phil. Hanauer are so kind and merry. I think Florence Ezekiel's letter from India is very nice. Is the word 'Abba' the answer to one of the riddles? The writer's name was not printed.

LILLIAN GIBSON.

(Yes, your answer is right, Lillian. Glad you like the stories.—Ed.)

B., Man.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years of age. I go to school every day that I can, and am in the third reader. We live in the section house; my father works on the railway track. I have three sisters and two brothers. I have two brothers dead.

The books I have read are, 'An Elder Brother,' 'The Lamplighter,' 'Heather and Harebell' and a lot of others.

HILDEGARD HALLONQUIST.

D., Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy of seven years of age. I live on a farm, and go to school. Our school is about a quarter of a mile from here. There was a storm here this summer that did quite a lot of harm. Our barn and a shed were blown down. We have the barn up again. There was not any rain here for a long time until Saturday.

We have a little foal about four months old. I like to read the letters in the 'Messenger,' especially the riddles. The answer to E. A. P.'s ridde is an egg, and to Florence Buelly's riddle is Humbolt was going into his fortieth year.

G. E. M.

C., Calif.

Dear Editor,—I received my Maple Leaf brooch, and am very much pleased with it. I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for over five years, and this is my first letter to it.

My father runs a large poultry farm, and I help him. I have two sisters and one brother. My oldest sister goes to the Normal School here, I expect to go to business College after Christmas.

GLADYS M. SWANN.

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I read with much interest the letters in the 'Messenger,' which we get in Sunday school. When reading the Correspondence page I saw a letter from Florence Ezekiel, a little girl living in India. Would you mind giving me her full address? I attend High School, and like all the subjects very well. I wonder if any of the correspondents are saving souvenir postals? I and my sister save them, and get quite a few, as my father does a lot of travelling, and sends them to us from all over. I would like to have a Hallow'een party. I wonder if any of the readers could make any new suggestions.

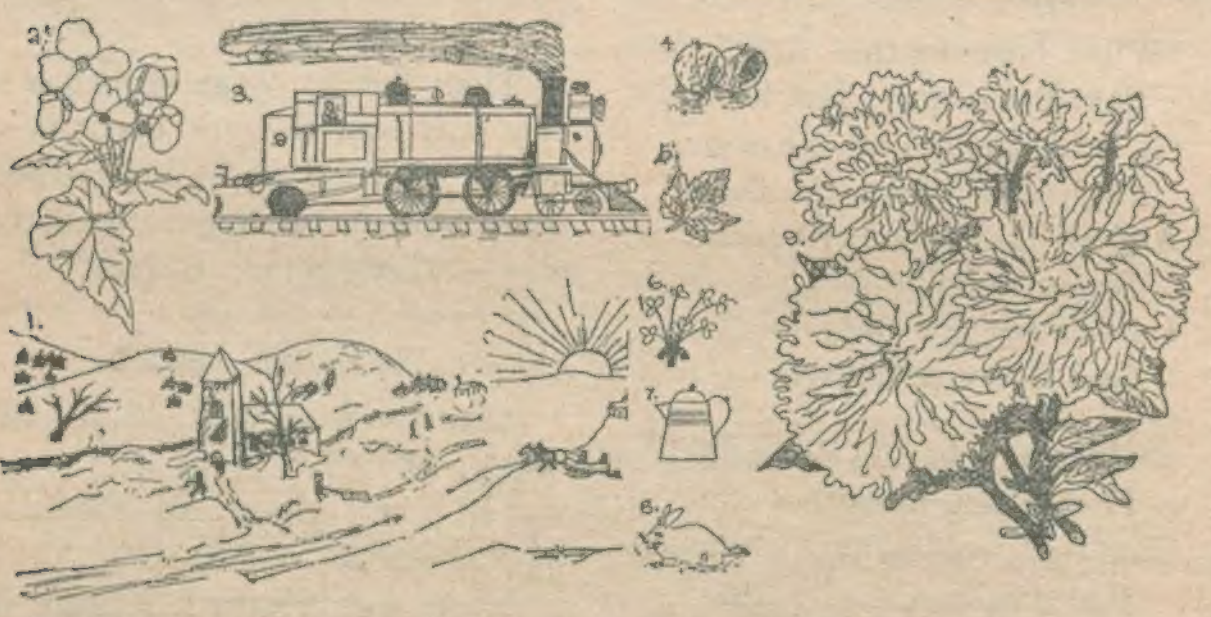
JEANETTE WITTHUN (aged 13).

(We cannot give the address of any correspondents, Jeanette.—Ed.)

I., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I want to thank you for the pretty stick pin I got from you. When I wrote to you I told you I had five brothers; now I have a sixth. His name is George Arthur. He is a good-natured fellow. Ray and Wesley tease him a good deal. Our crops are poor this year, except hay. We had a very good crop. We had a long drought, which hurt the grain and potatoe crop. My father raised 4 calves, 12 lambs. 8 pigs, and 36 chickens and 2 turkeys. We have 16 roosters fattening now. My brothers, Fred, Charlie and I go to school every day. It is over two miles away. But we will soon have to stay home and help papa dig potatoes and pull turnips. I would rather go to school than stay home and work. Fred would rather stay home than go to school. But I think if he had to work very hard long he would change his mind.

CLARENCE DOUGLAS.



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Christmas Morning.' John Baynham, H., Ont.

2. 'Begonia.' Muriel Nichols, W., Ont.

3. 'Locomotive No. 9.' Huntley Butler, S. H., N'f'd.

4. 'Apples.' Clifford A. Haines (aged 7), G., Ont.

5. 'The Maple Leaf for ever.' Mabel M., B., Ont.

6. 'Bunch of Violets.' Mary Gillies, K., Ont.

7. 'Coffee Pot.' O. B. Seale (aged 9), M. L., Que.

8. 'Rabbit.' Edgar Trueman, S.J., N.B.

9. 'An Aster Bouquet.' Della A. Hodge, T., Que.

OTHER LETTERS.

Nettie Wylie writes from G., Ont., and answers E. A. P.'s puzzle. The riddles you send have already been asked, Nettie.; It is fine to have a library in the school.

Myrtle Whitmell, D., Ont., hopes some of the correspondents will be able to answer these questions.

1. What coat is finished without buttons and put on wet? 2. If you were to ride a donkey what fruit would you represent? 3. If a man gave seven cents to one boy and eighteen cents to another, what time would it be?

A. E. Carter, C., Ont., is one of the boys to win a watch for himself by the aid of the 'Canadian Pictorial.' His letter, which is very short, contains this riddle:

Two O's, two N's, one L, and a D,
Put them together, and spell them to me.

Evelyn E. Olsen, M. F., P. Que., answers Dalton Brooke's riddle, and sends in one which has already been asked in a slightly different form. Evelyn is one of our frequent correspondents.

N. Thom., D., Ont., also sends in a riddle that has been asked. The letter is very good for someone who is only eight.

Mabel Long writes a little letter from N., Alta, and sends in two questions:

1. What is the longest word in the dictionary?

2. How do you make a monkey wrench?

Evalena Hill, N., N.B., answers the egg puzzle, and wants to see if anyone knows why children are like dirty dishes.

Mary Foster, and Elsie Heard, are friends who write from D., Ont. They learn sewing in their school, and all like their teacher. We are glad to know that Elsie and Mary like the 'Messenger,' too.

Laura Brown, O. S., Ont., is a new friend who has just come to Canada from over the border.

Merle Cuttey, L.T., N.S., sends in three correct answers, and M. M. Rogers, also from N.S., answers Dalton Brooke's riddle, and asks this: The more you make, the more you take, the more you leave behind.

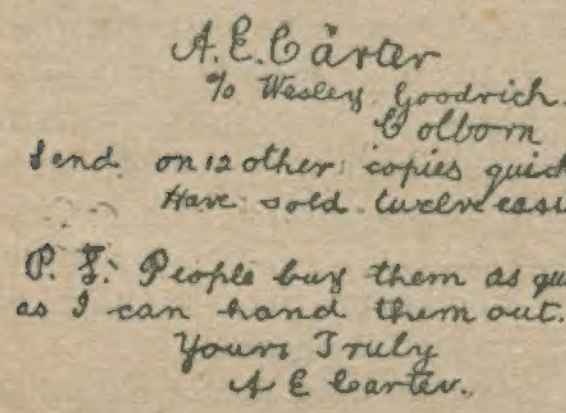
Lillian McGee, B.B., N.B., enjoyed 'St. Cecilia of the Court.' Her letter contains these questions:

1. Why are jokes like nuts?

2. What is the oldest tree in America?

Letters have also been received from Eva M. Mitchell, D., Ont; M. S. F., O., Ont.; Elsie O. Forden, B., Ont.; I. M. Crosby, Y., N.S.; Katherine F. Dow, S.M., N.S.; and Rosebud, W., Ont.

DOING A BRISK BUSINESS.


A. E. Carter
% Wesley Goodrich.
Colborn
Send on 12 other copies quick
Have sold twelve easily,
P. S. People buy them as quick as I can hand them out.
Yours Truly
A E Carter.

Hundreds of boys throughout Canada are selling thousands of copies of the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

SPECIAL
Year-End
PREMIUM

FOR only THREE NEW Subscriptions to the "Northern Messenger" at our special rate of 10 cents each to Jan 1, 1907, we will send, postpaid, A beautifully colored

Maple Leaf Brooch,

in hard Enamel.

Actual Size

See year-end offer on another page.

JOHN DOUCALL & SON,
'Witness Block', Montreal.

LESSON IV.—NOVEMBER 11, 1906.

Jesus in Gethsemane.

Matt. xxvi., 36-50.

Golden Text.

Not my will but thine be done.—Luke xxii., 42.

Home Readings.

Monday, November 5.—Matt. xxvi., 36-50.

Tuesday, November 6.—Is. liii., 1-12.

Wednesday, November 7.—Ps. xxii., 1-8; 14-19.

Thursday, November 8.—Matt. xxvii., 1-10.

Friday, November 9.—Mark xiv., 26-45.

Saturday, November 10.—Luke xxii., 39-48.

Sunday, November 11.—John xviii., 1-9.

(By Davis W. Clark)

The harvest moon lighted coldly a weird scene,—pale faces of tombs peering down into a shadowy valley; a brook on its way to a Sea of Death, and running red with the blood of two hundred thousand lambs slain that day; gnarled old olive-tree, whose twisted trunks seemed to express for the vegetable world that tribulation under which the whole creation groaneth.

As Jesus passed the snowy porches of the temple, and came down into the forbidding chasm, would He not recall to Him how His great progenitor, thrust out of the same city, had crossed this very brook Cedron with face toward the wilderness; how as he went up the further side, he wept and had his head covered and went barefoot.

The separation of the disciples into two bands was not an act of caprice or favoritism. In this instance, paradoxically, the station most remote from the Shepherd was the safest. The feeling that can be touched for human infirmity showed itself in the very disposition which Jesus on this occasion made of His followers. And if even on the burning edge of His inscrutable sorrow, He could still think of and provide for the safety of His own, will He neglect us now, that He is exalted to the right hand of the Majesty in the heavens?

The two who had asked to be baptized with His baptism, and the one who had first acknowledged Him the Son of God—these three, the same who had gone with Him to the Transfiguration height—were deemed best inured to go with Him into the depth of His humiliation. Jesus wanted the consciousness that human sympathizers were near; wanted to be guarded from intrusion; wanted that there should be witnesses, so that the scene might be transmitted to the Church. The disciples were drowsy, but not wholly disqualified for this [illegible] purpose. Even [illegible] comparatively lowly companions. He does not [illegible] the nature of His ordeal, [illegible] to terrify them. He says only, and considerately, that He goes to pray.

The source and nature of Jesus' agony is inexplicable. If you say it was natural shrinking from the hour and article of death, then I must say Jesus appears to have died less heroically than many a martyr—nay, even infidel, heathen, or [illegible]. The suffering of Jesus seems to be unlike in kind, and to surpass in degree human anguish with which we are familiar.

I suggest that, though the suffering manifested itself in His physical nature, the chief seat of it was in His moral nature. It was reversed on Golgotha. There only one word out of seven indicated any degree of moral suffering.

Away with the idea that Jesus had a sense of personal condemnation, as if He were the object of His Father's wrath, and so that, in that sense, Gethsemane was the 'Hell of the Son of God!' It occurs to me that He so became one with us as to appreciate the grief and sorrow of the whole race with such a keenness and to such a degree as that it became his very own, and well-nigh insupportable. May not this have been that cup which, if it were morally possible, He wished might be supplanted by some other?

It is with Him only a question of means. His unshaken purpose is to do His Father's will. The Father is not harrying the Son on to something from which he revolts. Father's will is Son's delight.

The loneliness of Jesus is nowhere more conspicuous and touching than in Gethsemane. He coveted human sympathy. It failed Him. He looked for comforters, but found none. He trod His wine-press alone, unhelped.

The quality of Jesus' submission is not deprecated by the agony through which He passed. It is rather enhanced. Its perfection is manifest thereby. The Captain of salvation is made to appear—as He really is—perfect to us through the medium of His suffering.

It is sweet to think that from the top of this same mount, at whose base Jesus suffered such agony, He ascended in triumph until the cloud of the Divine presence received Him out of the sight of man. He stooped here; He conquered there.

ANALYSIS AND KEY.

1. Approach to Gethsemane.
   Scenes and incidents
   An historical parallel.
2. Separation of disciples.
   Object—Principle of classification.
3. Agony inexplicable.
   Source and nature of.
   Not shrinking from death.
   Seat of it in moral not physical nature.
   Reversed on the cross.
   Not sense of personal condemnation.
4. A suggested explanation.
   Jesus' identification of Himself with human race.
   So complete that total of human sorrow is assumed by Him.
5. Father and Son's oneness of purpose.
6. Loneliness of Jesus illustrated.
7. Jesus' perfection manifested through the medium of His suffering.
8. Scene of triumph next to that of humiliation.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

Gethsemane was one of Jesus' trysting-places. Oft on a starry night had He communed with His disciples there. In its deeper depths, a stone's throw from the nearest of them, He had often met His Father in completest fellowship. The ground was already hallowed for this final ordeal.

* * * *

His Father's face was not eclipsed even by Gethsemane's midnight gloom. No shadow of a doubt of His Sonship or even acceptance with His Father crosses His mind. 'Father! Father!' is His confident and reiterated address.

* * * *

The exudation of blood from the pores is not a physiological impossibility; but it is not affirmed. A comparison only is expressed. The moisture was not first evenly disposed and afterwards gathered into drops. As in the death-sweat, it was pressed out at once in the form of drops or beads, which of their own weight fell to earth.

* * * *

How true to nature the account of the Saviour's prayer! The dying and those in extreme distress commonly repeat the same words.

* * * *

Stier pronounces the Epistle to the Hebrews, chapter v., verses 7, 8, as the 'most apostolical commentary on Gethsemane.'

* * * *

Spirit willing, flesh weak, is one of the best perverted Bible texts. It is used as a salve to conscience. Meanest vices are excused and justified by it. The text does not belong to the sinner at all. Only of the regenerated son of God can it be truly said, 'His spirit is ready, willing to do as God wishes.' But even such a one needs to be ever alert against the susceptibility of nature. In the sinner the flesh is willing as well as weak. His spirit is not willing to do at all as God wishes.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Nov. 11.—Topic—Christ's life. XI. His sorrows, and how He bore them. John xi., 30-38; Isa. liii., 3-5.

Junior C. E. Topic.

LIVINGSTONE IN AFRICA.

Monday, Nov. 5.—A prayerful man. Dan. vi., 10, 11.

Tuesday, Nov. 6.—A faithful man. Neh. ix., 8.

Wednesday, Nov. 7.—Bearing hardships. I. Cor. iv., 11, 12.

Thursday, Nov. 8.—In journeyings often. II. Cor. xi., 26, 27.

Friday, Nov. 9.—Preaching among the heathen. Eph. iii., 8, 9.

Saturday, Nov. 10.—Where Christ was unknown. Rom. xv., 16-21.

Sunday, Nov. 11.—Topic—What Livingstone did for Africa. II. Cor. vi., 4-7.

The more people are educated the more they appreciate and value pictures of current events—for they contribute delightfully at a glance to a still further education.

* * *

The less people are educated the more they appreciate and value pictures because they tell them at a glance of interests of which they cannot or perhaps will not read. That is why they please and instruct the children.

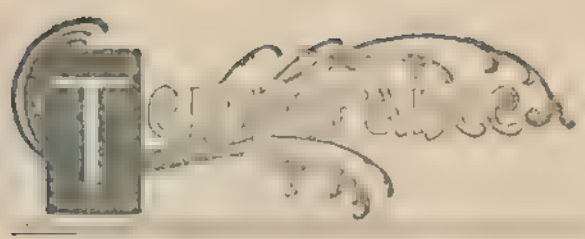
* * *

Everybody likes pictures and no home should be without its picture paper. The cheapest and best is the "Canadian Pictorial." It contains about a thousand inches of pictures and costs about a thousand dollars each issue.

Only ten cents a copy.
One dollar a year.

THE PICTORIAL PUBLISHING CO'Y,
142 St. Peter St., Montreal.

Or JOHN DOUGALL & SON., Agents,
"Witness" Building, Montreal.



The Sting of the Adder.

(Edgar White, in the 'National Advocate.')

Jack Markham was going to the bad. Surely, swiftly, hopelessly—straight as a bolt from a cross-bow. Then something happened.

I am a firm believer in the doctrine that the Lord always brings clearly to a man his true condition before he turns his head forever. At least he did so in Markham's case. During the campaign which resulted in Markham's election as attorney for the great mining county of Clarendon he drank a great deal, because he was a good fellow and the voters expected him to set 'em up. He was generous—more than that; he would give when he couldn't afford it. He didn't have what you call the hereditary whiskey appetite, but he was too social and good-natured to ever refuse a drink or to neglect responding with a like favor to his friends.

For a while after entering upon his new duties Markham sought to put on the brakes a little, because he was honest, though a drinker, and really desired to fill his position efficiently. Yet there were times when he came into court 'under the influence,' which is a way of beating the devil around the stump, when you mean that a man is semi-intoxicated. Once in a while designing attorneys for the defence 'loaded' up 'the State of Missouri' on the eve of an important trial. I remember one occasion when this was done with desperate deliberation, because the defendant's case was desperate; that is, it would have been with a clear-headed attorney representing the State. A man had taken life with scant semblance of excuse, and his lawyers were burning the 'midnight' to think of a way out. A cunning member of the defendant's legal battery volunteered to do the trick. On the day of trial the court room was crowded, for the crime had attracted wide attention because of its peculiar atrocity. Markham had no associate, as the dead man's friends were poor. Just before he arose to present the State's case to the jury someone from behind threw a legal envelope on his table and removed another one which had been lying there. Markham picked up the envelope, nervously fished out a paper and staggered before the jury. The judge frowned. The State's representative was unquestionably drunk. He opened out the paper and stared stupidly at it for a few moments. Instead of the indictment, it was a copy of some paper announcing the virtues of a certain inebriate institution. The bold type display lines were large enough for the jurymen, and those near the bar to read, and they communicated by smiling whispers to those outside. A roar of coarse laughter shattered the dignity of the court room. This argued well for the defence, for juries seldom convict when in the atmosphere of mirth. In the vernacular of the street, the cunning lawyer for the defence had 'delivered the goods.'

At the rebuke, the [illegible] straightened up and looked [illegible] at the sea of grins and [illegible]. Then he turned [illegible] eyes to the paper in his hand and became deathly pale.

That is where the Lord spoke to Jack Markham, and you can never get me to believe anything [illegible]. Like a bolt from the fist of an enemy came the realization that he stood branded [illegible] fellow citizens as a common [illegible]. Those who pretend to know say that [illegible] sobered a man. In this case I know that Markham walked steadily back to his table and placed the moderate [illegible] thereon. Then he passed his hand [illegible] his broad, white forehead, and, turning to the judge, said:

'Your Honor, will I be permitted to make a few remarks outside of the case?'

The judge was a fair man. He saw something in the burning eyes of the attorney which told him he was going to make a fight to regain his standing. Besides, the judge more than suspected the inebriate circular was a trick of the defence, and he did not approve the method.

'You may make such explanation as you desire, Mr. Markham,' he said. The prosecuting attorney, no longer drunk, walked over and faced the jury. There was a portentious silence and an eager crouching forward of the spectators.

'Gentlemen,' said Markham, gravely, 'I tender to you my most earnest apology. In presuming to address you after what has occurred, my sole excuse is to re-establish myself in your confidence. I came here drunk. I am now sober. God being my helper, I want to pledge to you twelve men that you shall never see Jack Markham drunk again.'

A murmur of applause swept around the gloomy court room, which, of course, the judge quickly suppressed. The attorneys for the defence, keenly sensitive of the shifting atmosphere, were all on their feet at once, protesting against the prosecutor's unwarranted speech.

'It is his right, gentlemen,' said the judge, calmly, 'if you have sown the wind, you must bow your heads to the consequences.'

Again they 'objected and excepted' to the court's language, but it did them not a particle of good.

Markham found the indictment and read it in clear, impressive tones. Then he reviewed the evidence the States would present like a master architect describing the construction of a house. The people in the court room were appalled at the sinister story, and those who had laughed the loudest were now the most sombre. No man with anything like a heart in him could joke after the attorney's simple, clear statement of the dreadful homicide. The general solemnity was reflected in the faces of the jurymen.

Throughout the long, hot trial the prosecutor was alert, active, unwearying. He knew that one Jack Markham, as well as the prisoner at the bar, was on trial, and he made it the battle of his life.

The opposing counsel became tired and relieved each other in the examining ordeal. Markham, single-handed, fought them to cover and never permitted anything like the aggressive to manifest itself on the side of the defence. By the kindling light in the jurymen's eyes he saw he was winning the struggle.

At the afternoon adjournment the cunning lawyer approached Markham, and, taking him confidentially by the arm, sought to lead him into a saloon. The prosecutor determinedly drew back.

'Didn't you hear what I told the jury?' he asked.

'Oh, yes, but that was just for effect; come along, Jack. A little of the stuff will clear your head.'

'If you think that so beneficial,' said the prosecutor, grimly, 'you can try it yourself. I am done with it forever, and that's all there is about it.'

They made no further attempt to get him to drink; they had plenty of troubles of their own to look after in the court room. At the close of the third day the evidence was all in, and Markham was as fresh as a sea-gull [illegible] on a May morning. [illegible] was submitted to the jury the defence offered to plead guilty and take two years in the penitentiary.

'I would like to accommodate you, gentlemen,' said Markham, 'but it won't do. I started in this trial drunk, and I must convince the people that I went out of it sober.'

In the summing up one of the defendant's lawyers was unwise enough to refer to the prosecutor's condition when he first got up with the inebriate circular in his hand. Markham saw the jury frown and made no objection to the cruel thrust of his opponent. But when his time came to close the case for the State his candid admission of the charge, together with his touching pledge to redeem himself, brought tears to many eyes, even affecting the jurymen. Markham would not have touched on the subject unless the defence had first introduced it, and they realized their mistake too late.

The prosecutor had the jury with him from the beginning. The honest man always feels way down deep in his heart that the penitent should be given a chance.

The prosecutor's speech was clear, appealing, incisive. There was no bombast, no flowers of rhetoric; just an honest, manly, common-sense presentation, which left no room for doubt that a serious crime had been committed.

So hopelessly did they feel the outcome that not one of the defendant's lawyers was in the court room when the jury brought in its verdict of 'guilty.'

To-day Mr. Markham is one of the most earnest temperance advocates in our country. No sooner did he feel the ground become solid under his own feet than he began a systematic effort to reclaim his fellows who were travelling the path he had been over before them. I heard him make this talk to a young man one day:

'My boy, you can't afford to do it if you expect to be somebody. This world is looking for fighters. Men who drink liquor go down before reaching the battle line. Worthy ambition and whiskey never dwell long in the same brain. The men who are doing things to-day are those who have long since learned the importance of a clear head. I know the stuff enthuses you and makes you feel for a while as if you and all the world are friends, but the price is too heavy—too heavy by far. I've dealt in that market, and I know!'

Take a drink? No, not I!
Reason's taught me better
Than to bind my very soul
With a falling fetter.
Water, sweet and cool and free,
Has no cruel chains for me.

—Selected.

How a Peer Took the Pledge.

In 1814 Father Mathew amused a large party at the house of an Irish nobleman in London by his attempts to convert the noble Lord to teetotalism. 'I drink very little wine,' said Brougham; 'only half a glass at luncheon, and two half-glasses at dinner, and though my medical advisers told me I should increase the quantity, I refused to do so.' 'They are wrong, my Lord, for advising you to increase the quantity,' said Father Mathew, playfully, 'and you are wrong in taking even the small quantity you mention, but I have my hopes of you'; and, despite the good-humored resistance of Brougham, he invested his Lordship with the green ribbon and silver medal of the Total Abstinence Society. 'I'll tell you what I'll do,' said Brougham. 'I'll take a ribbon to the House of Lords, where I shall be sure to meet old Lord —— the worse for liquor, and I will put it on him.' This announcement was received with much laughter by the company, for the Peer referred to was notorious for his deep potations. A few evenings later Brougham met him in the House of Lords. 'Lord ——,' said he, 'I have a present from Father Mathew for you,' and he passed the ribbon and medal rapidly over the old Peer's head. 'Then I'll tell you what it is, Brougham I'll keep it from this night!' exclaimed the other, and, to the great amazement of all his friends, he remained faithful to his vow.—'Temperance Leader.'

BOYS! YOUR CHOICE!

1. A Boy's Nickel Watch.
2. A Full-size Jack Knife.
3. A Fountain Pen with Gold Nib.

Any of these may be secured by sending the great new Illustrated Monthly,

THE CANADIAN

PICTORIAL

No money needed in advance. You remit when you see it, and we send your premium to you. The 'Canadian Pictorial' is worth it. Read the special offers elsewhere, and make your choice, or earn them all, and welcome.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Promised Land.

(From 'In the Promised Land, and other Poems,' by Michael Lynch.)

So we sailed and sailed over stormy seas,
till we came to a pleasant land,
Where forever were peace and happiness,
and plenty was on each hand;
And no man wronged his brother there, for
no man counted it gain
To live by the sweat of another's brook,
or to joy at another's pain.

And the strong man there was a kindly man,
and aided the one who was weak,
And for those who were simple and trusting men their wiser brother's would speak;
And creed, or color, or land, or birth, caused no man to hate another,
For the same red blood filled each man's veins, and every man was a brother.

* * * *

And the old man there was a blessed man,
for toilless he wanted nought,
And vice and toil on the little ones no
longer their ruin wrought;
And the feeble in body and mind had there
no longer a care for bread;
For out of the plenty there was for all,
'twas their the first to be fed.

And oh! but that land was a happy land
for those who were sisters of men,
For them was no rude and unseemly toil, in
field or in sweater's den;
They pawned not body and soul for bread,
for woman felt woman's shame,
And dearer than life to the strong man was
the good of his sister's name.

And the fields were yellow with harvesting
where every man might reap,
And the fishful rivers went singing down
through that land to the mighty deep,
And the mountains were clothed with forests, and the orchards were ripe with
fruit,
And the breath of the kine like incense
arose in the meadows still green afoot.

* * * *

And peace was forever in that fair land,
for no man envied his mate,
And no man's treasures, where all were
rich, woke his brother's sleeping hate,
And the kingdom that Christ had promised
was now for all men to see,
And the name of that happy kingdom was,
'The land of the soon to be.'

Food for Workers.

There are two great classes of workers, both needing a balanced ration, but of a totally different kind. Roughly, this balance should mean about three and one-half ounces each of proteids and fats, with eleven ounces of carbohydrates.

The first division includes those who engage in hard, muscular, outdoor work; the second includes those who are tied to a desk in a heated office, in school or in shop. The first, or out-of-door worker, with plenty of oxygen at hand and no hard brain labor, can digest more food and food difficult of digestion, because his blood supply is not called away from the digestive organs to the brain. Moreover, he needs the increased energy which is to be gotten from the increased supply, providing always he can digest it. A hearty breakfast, a hearty dinner in the middle of the day, and a light supper at night is the best arrangement for this class of workers.

The first point to be considered then, in catering for a family, is the occupation of its members. If of sedentary habits, a light breakfast, a light luncheon and dinner is usually the best arrangement for an adult family. A young child should have his heartiest meal in the middle of the day. This need not disturb the family habits, however, as the luncheon could be planned with this in view. An older child returning from school between 1 and 2 o'clock, if provided with a light but abundant luncheon, to be eaten at a regular hour, can safely wait for dinner at night. This luncheon should always include something hot, bouillon or cocoa, and plenty of fruit, cake but seldom, pastry never.—'Good Housekeeping.'

For the Busy Mother.

LADIES' TUCKED SHIRT WAIST.—NO. 1056.

Tucks are a becoming feature of a shirt waist, and are preferred to other modes of trimming. This design has three short tucks and one full length tuck at each side of the box-plait which gives a becoming fullness at the waist line. The back is tucked to waist depth, making a smooth finish. The sleeves are in bishop style with deep cuff, or if shorter length is desired, may be finished with a band or frill, according to taste. The pattern is cut in five sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40 bust measure. For the 36 bust three yards of material, 36 inches wide, is required.

'NORTHERN MESSENGER.'

PATTERN COUPON.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below.

No.. .. ..

Size .. ..

Name .. ..

Address in full ....

.. ..

.. ..

.. ..

N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern will reach you in about a week from date of your order. Price 10 cents, in cash, postal note, or stamps. Address, 'Northern Messenger' Pattern Department, 'Witness Block,' Montreal.

The Methodist Conference Picture in the October 'Canadian Pictorial' is well worth securing.

The Mothers' Interchange.

(Mrs. Helena H. Thomas, in the New York 'Observer.')

As the cozy parlors received deft touches the genial hostess said: 'Our little weekly gatherings are such informal affairs that, accustomed as you are to well-organized clubs and able papers, it may not seem worth while for you to make one of our number this afternoon. If so, I will excuse you.'

'Thank you,' rejoined the guest, laughingly, 'but it seems restful to get away from so much red tape for a time, so if strangers are admissable I would like very much to join you. But pray tell me, why do you not conduct it along usual lines if you proposed thus meeting together—especially as you had such large experience as a club woman before coming to this little town?'

'Simply for the reason that after being brought in touch with the mothers in this neighborhood I realized that they greatly needed helps along the line of what brings to bear upon the daily life in the home. Homes such as abound here, I mean. Where the wife and mother is, as a rule, so overworked that she has scarcely time to give thought to what is of the most vital importance to herself and family.'

'That is much the condition in our cities, for that matter,' was the interruption, 'for society claims are hindrances, in a way.'

'Yes, I am well aware of that; but I never had before been thrown among women whose need was quite as I found it here. Several of my new neighbors are so young that I feel like mothering them myself. They want to do what is right by their families, but seem to fail at every turn. So, after studying the situation, I suggested our simple "Mothers' Exchange."

'But how can mothers who have little ones, and no maid, attend the meetings when the older children are in school?'

'I arranged all that before making the proposition,' rejoined the tactful woman. 'Jane has been with me so many years that she readily enters into all my plans, so she cheerfully consented to care for the wee ones for a couple of hours weekly.'

'Why did you not have your gatherings on Saturday afternoon, and then older children could care for the younger?'

'Because in most cases there were not children old enough to be trusted. Besides, mothers about here are too overworked on Saturday to leave their homes, but on Thursday afternoon they are, usually, as much at leisure as they ever are, poor dears! Besides, they bring along either mending or making, as a rule.'

'I can hardly see how you interest them if there are no preparations,' remarked the guest, who was accustomed to parliamentary rules and forceful papers.'

'Well, the mothers are sufficiently interested to be present, unless sickness prevents,' was the modest rejoinder. 'And, better than all else, the influence of our interchange of ideas is being felt in the homes already.'

A little later some twenty mothers met together, and as two or three were accompanied by strangers, Mrs. Carlton, the hostess, said:

'This Mothers' Interchange is that and nothing more. Our plan is simply that the one whose name comes next in alphabetical order is to suggest a topic for discussion, and then there is a most informal interchange of ideas, born of experience or otherwise. Mrs. Ward, it is your turn, I believe.'

At this Mrs. Ward blushed like a schoolgirl as she met the searching eyes of a stranger, and stammered:

'I am dreadfully puzzled about one thing, and want the advice of older mothers, but—but——'

'Now, don't hesitate, Mrs. Ward,' urged another, 'for we are all mothers, and, as human nature is much the same the world over, it is more than likely that all of us have had the same puzzle to contend with.'

Thus urged, the perplexed mother said, in a confused manner:

'I am so worried about my Frank I can scarcely sleep nights; he—he is so untruthful. Perhaps you will think I am at fault, but I have punished him every conceivable way. Still he grows worse, if

anything, and now I want to know if others have had a like experience, or can make any suggestions.'

This led to the hesitating admission from several mothers that their children would tell 'fairy tales.' in spite of all that they could do, and that they, too, were sorely perplexed. The subject was discussed from various viewpoints, various punishments suggested, and all seemed hardly to credit their ears when Mrs. Carlton said:

'I would suggest that you cultivate blindness until your little ones outgrow this passing impulse, as I am confident they will.'

'What! "Spare the rod and spoil the child!"' exclaimed one.

'I think you will bear me out in the statement that my son Harold shows no evidence of having been spoiled,' was the evasive reply.

This called forth a chorus of 'He is the manliest boy I know of!' and 'Just my ideal of a son!' etc., which resulted in the frank admission:

'Yes, he is a good son, and his word is never questioned now; but when he was about the age of Mrs. Ward's Frank it seemed more natural for him to lie than to tell the truth.

'You need not shake your heads and look so incredulous,' she continued, after a slight pause, 'for he was so tricky and untruthful that my mother-in-law used to tell me that I would see him in a reform school, or prison, later on, if I allowed him to go unpunished, as I did.'

'How did you dare take the risk of not punishing?' queried Mrs. Ward.

'Because I remembered so vividly my own inclination in this direction in childhood, and how my old grandmother, whose charge I was, punished me so severely for the slightest evasion of the truth that hrough fear of greater punishment—for mine was a timid, shrinking nature—I told absolute falsehoods to shield myself, which usually resulted in what I was trying to avoid. Still, when I grew to years of understanding truth became sacred to me.'

'So it seems you went to the other extreme with your children, and did not punish them at all,' commented one at this juncture.

'Yes, and no,' was the smiling reply. 'There were many instances in the training of my children when I felt that discipline of some sort was necessary; but when I saw Harold develop a tendency to tell "fairy tales," as you call them, I appeared not to notice it. Sometimes the other children would say, "He's fibbing, mamma," but I would seemingly pay but little heed to it beyond saying, "Yes, mother suspected that; but when he wants to be a manly boy he will be truthful"; or perhaps his father, who felt as I did, would say, "He cannot deceive God, anyhow."'

'Oh, did your way succeed?' was the eager query of a mother who had not before spoken.

'Yes, it worked like a charm,' responded Mrs. Carlton. 'The boy soon saw that no punishment awaited him if he evaded the truth; and, too, that his made-up yarns were uncredited and not considered manly, and he soon outgrew the habit and would say, looking me full in the eye:

'"That's on the square, mother. I've quit yarning it." And now, as some of the ladies have kindly intimated, Harold is upright in every way.'

Just here Mrs. Ward, with a sigh of relief, said: 'I came here heavy-hearted, but our good hostess has thrown new light on what so distressed me, and now I face my responsibilities with fresh courage.'

One's Serene Little World.

A woman I know is counted poor among her friends. She has little or no money, no health, much love, one sunshiny window, and a plant or two. Each one with whom she began life has grown rich, occupying great and important places, outstripping her like a gay procession that sweeps by one who has fallen discomfited by the wayside. Sometimes the woman has compared her lot and rebelled, as she herself has told me. She, too, has cried out for the meaning of it, the secret of her own failure and their success. 'Why, why, why?' she has moaned in despair. 'What ought I to do, how ought I to have done?' The other day she came to me. I saw a new light in her eyes, and saw that she had found strength.

'What is it?' I asked.

'Only this,' she answered. 'I've studied into it all and thought. Their world is not my world, nor my world theirs, and I can do nothing to change it. One thing, though, I can do. Small as it is, I can make my little world serene.' — Lillie Hamilton French.

The Girl We Love.

A song for the girl we love—God love her!
A song for the eyes with their tender wile,
The fragrant mouth with its melting smile,
The blossom lip and the dainty chin,
The lily hand that we tried to win—
The girl that we love, God love her!

A prayer for the girl we love—God love her!
A prayer for the eyes with their faded light.
The cheek whose roses waned to white,
The small hands crossed in quiet rest,
The flowers sweet on her sweet dead breast—
The girl that we love, od love her!
The girl that we love, God love her!

—Selected.

Pastry.

The chief things to observe in producing good pastry are that all the utensils should be clean and free from dust, that the flour should be perfectly dry and of the best quality possible, and the butter, lard or dripping perfectly fresh.

Finely chopped suet is a very economical substitute for butter, but this kind of pastry should always be served hot.

When mixing the paste, add the water gradually, working it together with a wooden spoon, and kneading until quite smooth. A cool hand and a light touch are very essential to insure good pastry, while if possible a marble slab is preferable to a board for rolling out the paste. Nowadays, too, glass rollers may be purchased, which are better than the wooden ones.

Rich, light pastry must be quickly made and quickly baked; if allowed to stand long before putting in the oven it becomes heavy.

To make puff paste, take half a pound of butter, and half a pound of flour, and work the flour into a smooth paste with a quarter of a pint of water, mixing with a knife. Roll out to an inch thickness, break two ounces of butter into small pieces, lay on the paste, sifting some flour over, fold the paste, roll out again, using another two ounces of butter with flour as before, repeating twice more until the butter is all used.

Flour both rolling pin and board to prevent sticking, and be sure the oven is quite hot before putting the pastry in, a brisk oven being essential. It is wise to put in a small piece of paste to test the heat. About twenty or thirty minutes is the average time, according to the thickness of the paste.

An economical pastry is made by rubbing half a pound of butter lightly into a pound and a quarter of flour. Mix smooth with water and roll two or three times. If used for fruit tarts mix in two tablespoonfuls of finely sifted sugar before adding the water.

Or allow six ounces of clarified dripping to one pound of flour, and mix with half a pint of water, treating as above.

Or five ounces of finely chopped suet mixed with one pound of flour may be blended into a smooth paste with half a pint of water.

The Habit of Feeling Ill.

Few people realize that their ailments are largely self-induced. They get into the habit of not feeling well. If they get up in the morning with a slight headache, or some other trifling indisposition, instead of trying to rise above this condition, they take a positive pleasure in expatiating upon their feelings to any one who will listen. Unconsciously, by detailing and dwelling upon their symptoms, they reinforce the first simple suggestion of illness by a whole army of thoughts and fears and images of disease, until they are unfitted to do a day's work in their homes or offices.

It is said that man is a lazy animal. We are all more or less prone to indolence, and it is the easiest and most natural thing in the world for young people to accustom themselves to lying down or lounging on a sofa because they think they are tired, or not well. Much so-called 'invalidism' is simply laziness, fostered and indulged from childhood. There is a great danger that girls who are delicate while growing up and lounge around the house and lie down whenever they feel the least out of sorts, will form a habit of invalidism when they reach maturity. How often do we see such girls 'brace up' at once whenever anything happens which interests or excites them! An invitation to a reception, or any other pleasant social occasion, acts like a tonic. For the time being an instantaneous cure is effected. They are as well as anybody, until after the entertainment.—'Success.'

Soak a new toothbrush for ten minutes in cold water and thoroughly dry it before using, for then the bristles will be less likely to come out than if this precaution were omitted.

Canadians Abroad.

Canadians residing abroad will one and all heartily appreciate the 'Canadian Pictorial,' with its monthly budget of 'pictures from home.' The first edition will be exhausted long before most of them realize that there is such a publication—and they will be sorry to miss the first issue. Friends at home could not find a more acceptable gift to send them—only a dollar bill for twelve months of pleasure. For the present this rate covers postage to all parts of the world. Orders of this sort will need to be sent in promptly, for very soon it will be impossible to get the October issue.

On request, a neat gift card will be sent, announcing to the far-away friend the name of the donor.

A Special Christmas Club.

To friends throughout Canada (excepting Montreal and suburbs) also throughout Great Britain and Ireland, the United States and the many other countries mentioned on page 15 as not requiring extra postage, the 'Canadian Pictorial' may be sent for only fifty cents, provided three or more such subscriptions are remitted at one time. So often in the Christmas preparation for those at home, gifts for the distant friends are not mailed till too late. Now is the time to arrange for what is really a series of gifts in one of the most delightful forms, a form that makes it possible to share the pleasure with others. Send in your Christmas subscriptions now. They will have the most careful attention.

Simple Hospitality.

A friend is invited to lunch. She is wealthy and lives in what is termed 'good style.' It is the ambition of the foolish housewife to imitate her friend's luxurious and costly hospitality. John is coaxed for an extra five dollars, which he can ill afford, the fish man is asked to send oysters on credit, a bunch of expensive roses is ordered from the florists and poor Bridget is given so many contradictory orders in regard to the proper dressing of the salad, and the frying of the sweet breads that she threatens every moment to get into one of her undesirable tantrams. And the poor, foolish, little mistress, who can blame her if she answered good patient John somewhat sharply, this morning when he asked the use of so much fuss. Whose fault is it that honest old Aunt Jerusha, who had dropped in for a quiet afternoon, should be hurried off before the arrival of the aristocratic guest?.

And when it is all over, and the visitor has left, the poor little hostess sits down and has a good cry because everything went

wrong. Bridget looked cross and nervous, and she herself was so tired and unstrung and apprehensive of failure, that all attempts at conversation proved utterly useless: Is it not natural to suppose that the visitor noticed the ill-concealed embarrassment and effort, and commented upon them, with either generous pity, or critical amusement.

If the table had been arranged neatly and prettily, and the best of the every day fare, had been offered with dignity, candor and simplicity, a pleasant and profitable hour of cheerful happy converse might have been spent, leaving behind neither bitterness nor disappointment.

Why is it that the appearance of a friend so often brings a worried, I might add a frightened expression to the young hostess' face? It is the vision of the household skeleton of 'keeping up appearances,' showing its gruesome face to the poor victim.

It is truly as great an art to grow poor gracefully as to grow old gracefully. Yet neither is impossible. If one adheres to that master key of all simplicity—Truth, one recoils from an acted social lie as well as a spoken one.—N. Y. 'Observer.'

Teach Obedience.

Obedience lies at the foundation of all right living—to recognize the existence of law and yield to it the assent of the whole nature. A child may obey without being obedient. To obey touches only habit, a decision as to what is, on the whole, the most comfortable thing to do; to be obedient covers intention, disposition, desire. A child may obey because he has discovered that rebellion is useless and that the easiest way is to yield without contest, just as many an adult yields outward obedience to law because he knows that in case of conflict he is sure to get the worst of it. But to make a child obedient is to set his will on the side of law and develop in him a principle that becomes a part of his character, so that he shall not simply choose to obey but wish to obey; so that he shall not yield to authority but to right; so that obedience is wrought into his habit of thought as well as his habit of action. This implies, as the thoughtful parent must see, not the subduing of the child's will, but precisely the opposite. It means to awaken it, to enlist it on the side of right and to strengthen it that the child may hold himself to what you have taught his judgment to approve. How much higher and more serviceable a thing it is to your child to have learned this than that he should simply have learned to obey you. You ought, indeed, to be to him the embodiment of right; you must often decide for him what is right and wise in action, but until he wishes to do right and takes that for his law he has not learned the obedience which is a part of character.—Emily Huntingdon Miller.

The Celebrated English Cocoa.

EPPS'S

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

A CHANCE LOST.

A chance once lost seldom returns, and when the last number of the October 'Canadian Pictorial' is sold, a good many people will say to themselves 'Why didn't I mail that coupon in time?' Why didn't they, indeed? Are you sure yours is mailed now? If not, cut out coupon from this issue and send it along.

An Incident.

Many precious truths come to us by the Holy Spirit, when we are at work distributing clothing among the poor. The other day a woman came whose daughter is very sick, and has been for a long time. She apologised for having to come to me and said, 'I'se got grown up children, but then they do about so much and won't do any more, and I can't get the things my gal ra'ally needs. She must have flannels, and I isn't got the money to buy them. The other children helps me some and then stops.' 'That's not the way with the mother, is it?' I said, 'No, indeed. I goes from morning till night, out doors and in doors, through wet and through dry, and the last thing I does for her is just the same as if I'd never done anything before.' As I looked at her worn face the Spirit whispered, 'As one whom his mother comforteth' and my heart responded, 'that's like Thee, Jesus.' Thou hast succored and nourished and kept, supplied all my need day after day, year after year, and the love and care for the future is just as fresh and sweet and strong as if I had never before needed or had never grieved Thee; and a little prayer went up that He would make me to know untiring love to others, the 'Love that suffereth long and is kind,' that 'Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.'

Religious Notes.

Speaking in public recently, President Roosevelt expressed his opinion on matters of religion very strongly. The necessity of a religious foundation if the national life is to have any strength may be readily admitted by all Christians, yet it is well to be able to record such words as these from the head of a great nation. 'If it were not that in our villages and towns, as they have grown up, the churches have grown in them, symbolizing the fact that there were among their foremost, workers whose work was not for the things of the body, but for the things of the soul; this would not be a nation to-day, because this country would not be an abode fit for civilized men if it were not true that we put our material civilization, our material prosperity, as the base only (a necessary foundation, a necessary base, but only as the base, as the foundation) upon which to build the superstructure of higher spiritual life.'

'Fields ripe' indeed are the lands of the East. Not, in violation of the laws of nature, ready to welcome with open arms the interference of the foreigners in their closest concerns, but glad to avail themselves of all advantages offered, and not least among these do they recognize the benefits of the Christian religion. The 'Jiji Shimpo,' a newspaper of Japan, says: 'Although the Christian religion is of recent introduction, the improvement it has effected in Japan's moral condition, and the influence it has had on the minds of the people are very great. No one can deny the great good accomplished by the believers of that religion, in establishing charitable institutions, in assisting in the progress of the nation, and in promoting the happiness of the poor and helpless. There are already many schools and colleges in the country, both for boys and girls, which are supported entirely by Christians. As for the charitable institutions, excepting those founded by the government, it is not too much to say that they are all the result of Christian enterprise.'

In view of the trend of current critical thought, Pope Pius X. has authorised a commission of enquiry into the question of the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch Their report, which he approves, is, to sum up in brief, as follows. That the witness of both Old and New Testaments, the persuasion of the Jewish people, the tradition of the Church, and the internal evidence of the books themselves form too strong a case for the Mosaic authorship to be doubted. It is possible indeed that Moses confided the records to men under h's instruction, or dictated his words, not, however, allowing of a mistaken rendering of his meaning or message. It is likely that he was largely influenced by traditions and learning received from earlier sources, even to the moderate use of these in quotation or adapted form. Lastly it may easily be admitted that there has been possible error in copying, and even later additions made in the way of explanatory notes, etc. These are the lawful province of the critic.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brentwood

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Cancerol, a Safe and Sure Treatment for Cancer.

No knife, burning plasters or painful injections. Cancerol has been successfully used where all other methods failed. Investigate for yourself—costs but a trifle. Write to-day for free book. Address Dr. L. T. Leach, Drawer 83, Indianapolis, Ind.

AGENTS EVERYWHERE,

Boys and Girls enter at once—our competition closing December 15. Four cash prizes of $50 each for four largest sales, also generous commission. Previous experience unnecessary.

RADSTOCK MANUFACTURING CO., Toronto.

SONG WRITERS

Your Poems May Be Worth THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS. Send them to us for the music. Accept no offer before reading Music, Song and Money. It is free.

HAYS MUSIC CO., 246 Star Bldg., Chicago.

USE BABY'S OWN SOAP

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
(Strictly in Advance).

Single Copies	$ .40 a year.
Three Copies, separately addressed if desired, for	1.00 "
Four Copies, separately addressed if desired, per copy	.30 "
Ten Copies or more, to one address, per copy	.20 "

Six months trial at half the above rates.

Postage included for Canada (Montreal and suburbs excepted); Newfoundland, Great Britain, Gibraltar, Malta, New Zealand, Transvaal, Jamaica, Trinidad, Bahama Islands, Barbadoes, Bermuda, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak Zanzibar, Hong Kong, Cyrus, also to the United States, Alaska, Cuba, Hawaiian Islands and Philippine Islands.

Postage extra to all countries not named in the above list.

Samples and Subscription Blanks freely and promptly sent on request.

SPECIAL OFFER TO SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Any school that does not take "The Messenger," may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

One thousand inches of PICTURES at a cost of One thousand dollars each issue for only ten cents a copy — or one dollar a year. is what each subscriber gets in the

Canadian Pictorial

The pictures cover the widest possible range of subjects from the latest news-events of world-wide importance to the latest fashions.

or John Dougall & Son agents Witness Building Montreal.

The Pictorial Publishing Co 142 St. Peter Street Montreal

SPECIAL TO 'MESSENGER' SUBSCRIBERS

With regard to the above announcement the publishers have made arrangements by which our readers can obtain the new paper, **at great sacrifice for introduction purposes,** as follows:

	Regular Rate Per annum
The 'Canadian Pictorial'	**$1.00**
The 'Northern Messenger'	**.40**
	$1.40

Both for one year for only 75 cents.

For those whose subscriptions to the 'Messenger' do not expire till the end of the year, a very special **trial rate** of ten cents has been arranged—and for other 'Messenger' subscribers who wish to subscribe for the 'Canadian Pictorial' separately for a year, a very special **Annual Rate** of fifty cents has been arranged. These special rates have been made for purposes of introduction and involve great sacrifice, and to take advantage of them the adjoining coupons must be used.

☞ Subscribers who do not care to take advantage of the coupons for themselves may hand them to a friend, but in that case the coupon must bear the subscriber's name written across the back as the rate is only available in the name of a subscriber to the 'Northern Messenger.'

Remit at once and secure the first issue—**GOING FAST.**

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Agents for The 'Canadian Pictorial.'

TEN CENT **TRIAL** OFFER

Coupon Department N. M.
For use of 'Messenger' readers only.

The Pictorial Publishing Co.,
142 St. Peter Street,
Montreal.

Dear Sirs,—Enclosed please find Ten Cents for which send the new Illustrated Monthly 'The Canadian Pictorial' to the end of 1906.

Name.....

P.O.....

Prov.....

Date.....

FIFTY CENT **FIRST YEAR** OFFER

N. M. This Coupon with 50 Cents does the work of a Dollar Bill.

The Pictorial Publishing Co.,
142 St. Peter Street,
Montreal.

Dear Sirs.—Enclosed please find Fifty Cents, for which please send me 'The Canadian Pictorial' for 1907, including the rest of this year free.

Name.....

P.O.....

Prov.....

Date.....

N.B.—This coupon valid only when remitted direct or endorsed by a bonafide 'Messenger' subscriber.

N.B.—These special club and trial offers ARE NOT AVAILABLE for Montreal and Suburbs, but are good for almost all the rest of the English speaking world. See postal regulations on Page 15.